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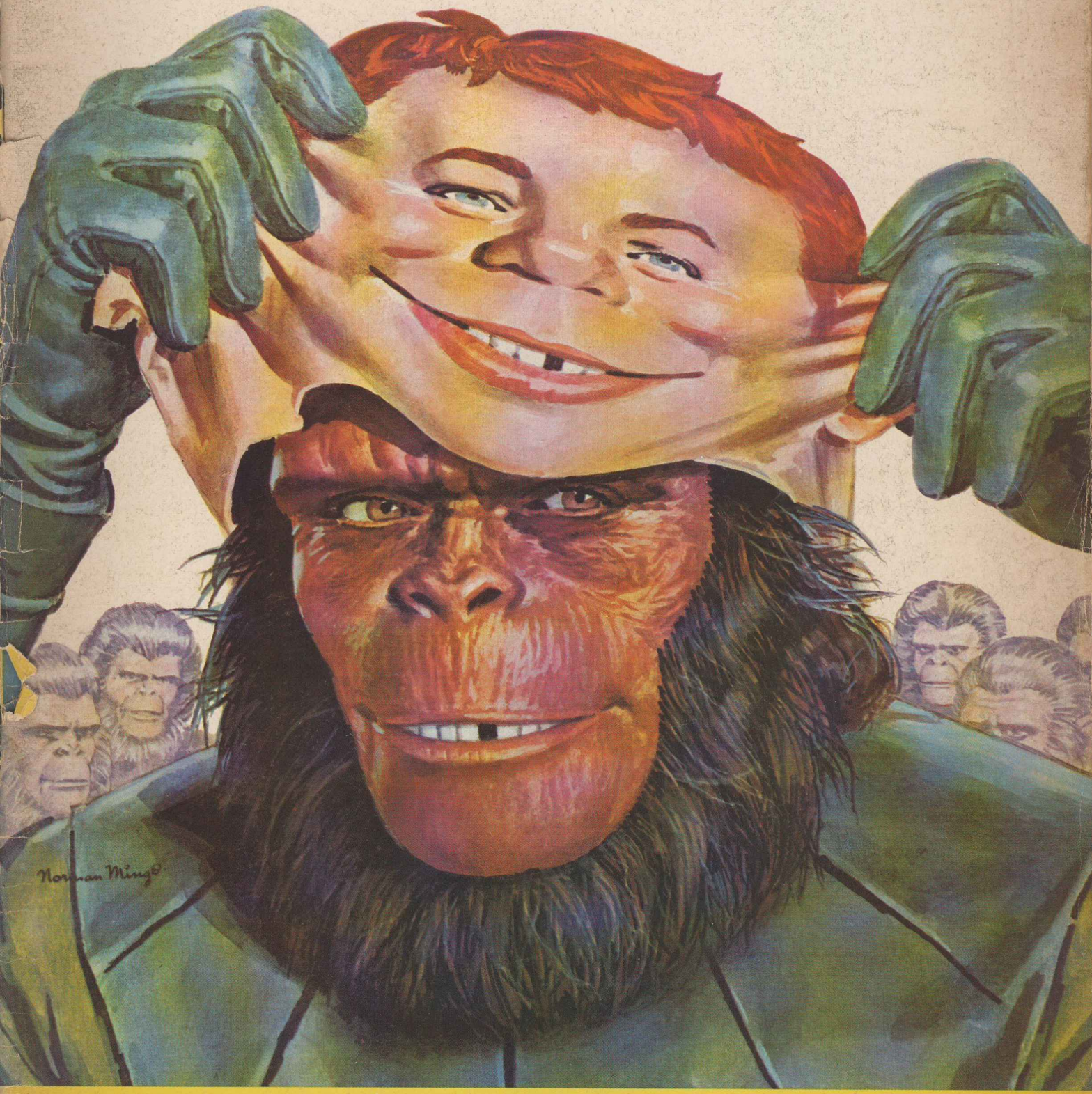
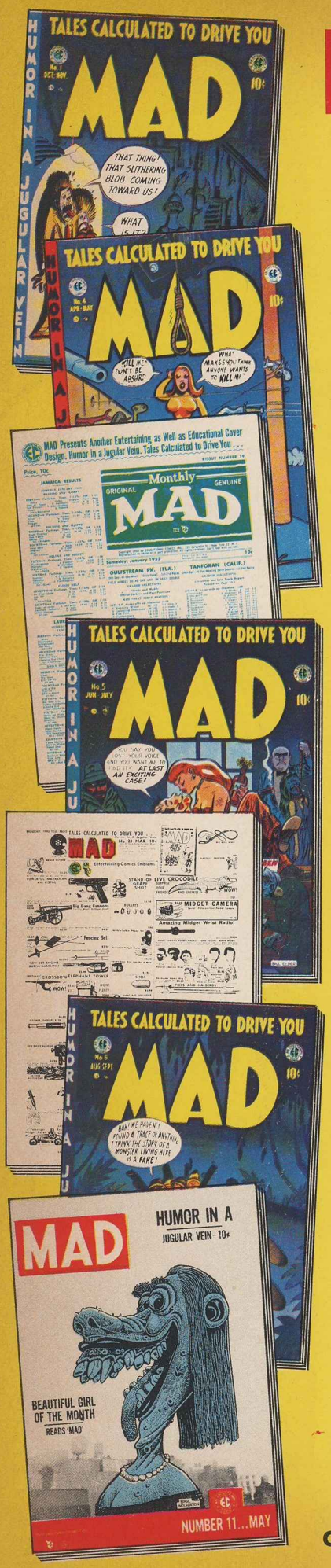


IN THIS ISSUE WE RIP OFF... **"THE PLANET OF THE APES"** AND ITS SEQUELS



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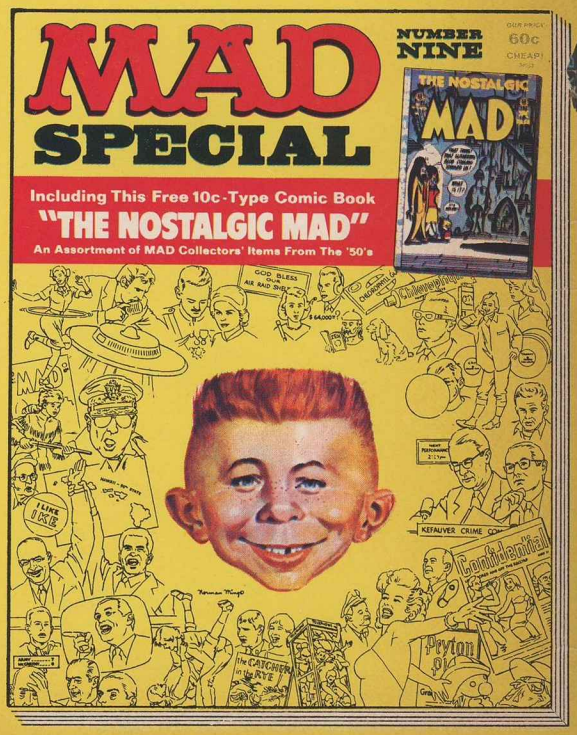

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NUMBER 157 MARCH 1973

MAD

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the usual gang of idiots

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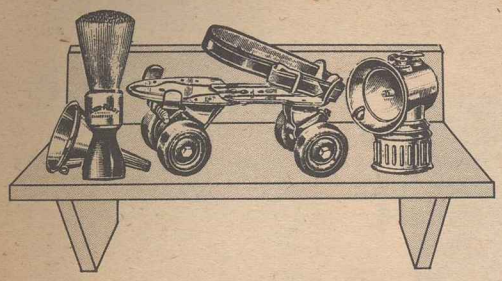

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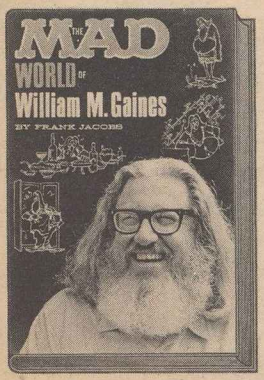

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1972 MODELS

Yep, there are 1,972 copies of these full-color portraits of our MAD "What—Me Worry?" kid model, Alfred E. Neuman, still available . . . out of 2,000 originally printed! And it looks like it's gonna take us till the year 2,000 to get rid of them! If you'd like to help us to get rid of them, send 25¢ for 1, 50¢ for 3, $1.00 for 9, $2.00 for 27 or $4.00 for 81 to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

MONKEY BIG BUSINESS DEPT.

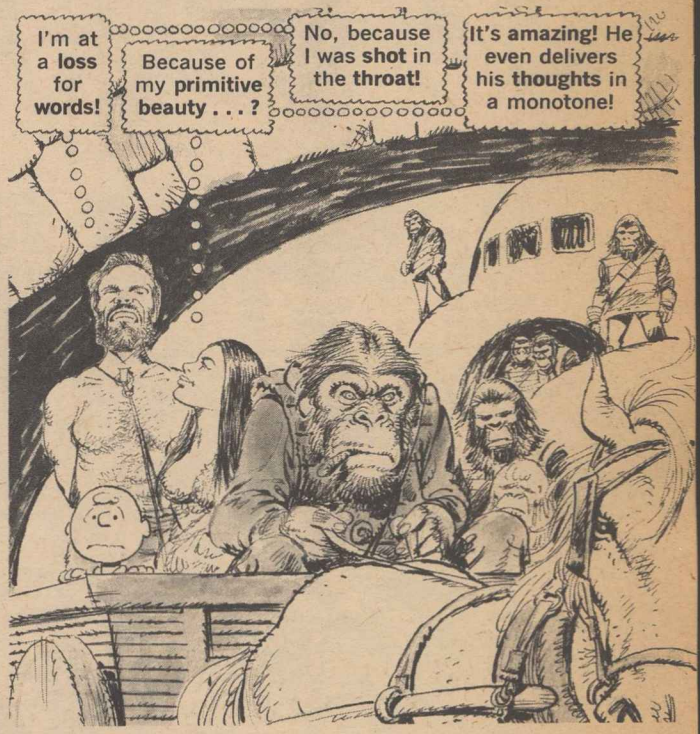
There's a wise old expression that goes: "Leave well enough alone!" It seems that everyone in the world has heard the expression except a certain movie studio that gave us a brilliant science-fiction epic a few years back . . . and then proceeded to give us sequel after sequel, each one more tiresome and boring than its predecessor. And it doesn't look like there's any end in sight, because we hear they've got at least two more sequels planned. Well, we think they should put a stop to this monkey business! Yep, it's time they quit

THE MI PLANET

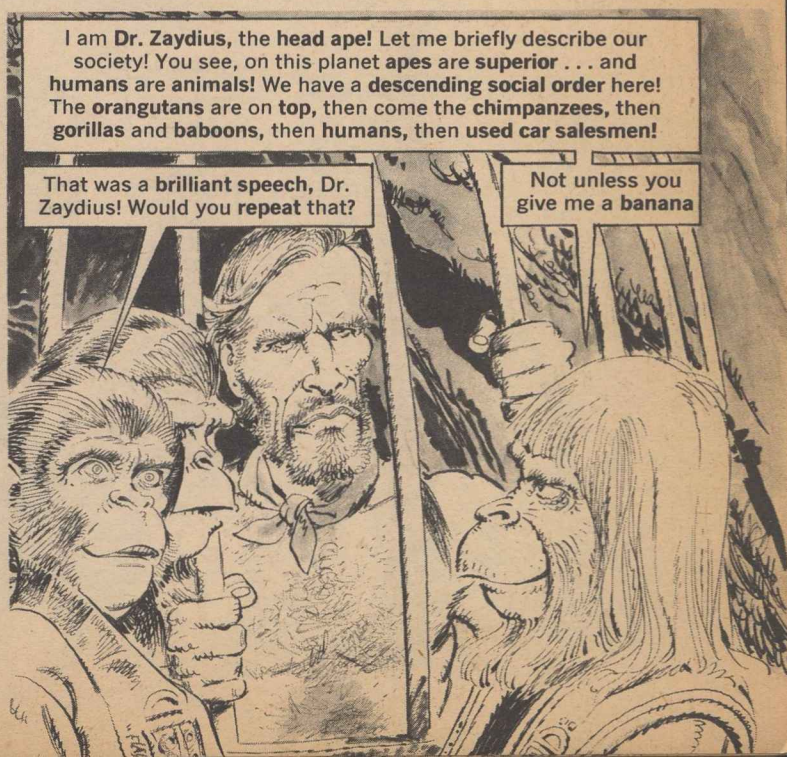
FIRST CAME THE ORIGINAL...

LKING OF THE THAT WENT APE

"THE PLANET THAT WENT APE"



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN



Tyler has **escaped!** He's in our **Museum Of The Humans!**

And his throat wound is **all healed!** He's about to utter his **first words!**

LET MY PEOPLE GO!!

Boy! Once he gets hold of a **hot expression,** he doesn't **let up,** does he?!

THE MUGGER

THE SWINGER

THE GOLFER

Order! Order! Order in the **Court!**

Shouldn't that be **"Odor** in the **Court!"?!**

I'm suddenly sorry you **got** your voice back!

Well, you have to admit it does get **pretty gamey** here on **The Planet That Went Ape!**

You're **lucky!** If your ship had gone three million miles **further,** you'd have landed on **The Planet Of The Diseased Buffaloes!**

I hereby order this trial to **begin,** and that it be conducted under **Ape Law Number 77-K22!**

What law is **that?**

That if you try anything **funny,** the Sergeant At Arms will hit you over the head with a **coconut!**

This trial is **unfair!** I don't want **APES** judging me! I want a jury of my **peers . . .** my **equals!**

Please! Don't be **ridiculous!** Where are we going to find **12 millionaire blond actors** who speak in a **monotone?!**

Okay, we've **escaped** and taken you as our **hostage,** Dr. Zaydius! Now, **tell us where we are!**

This is **"The Forbidden Zone!"** A **strange civilization** once lived here!

Look! A **human DOLL!** It says **"Mama"** and **"Papa"!**

Yecch! It also does a few **other** things! Not only was this civilization **strange,** it was **warped!!**

Well . . . it's the end of a **long** and **tiring journey!** Goodbye, Zora . . . and thanks!

I **TOLD** you it was a long and tiring journey! Besides—**go tell apes apart!**

Not bad! It's just a shame they never heard of **"Certs"!**

Uh—I'm **Carnelius!** Zora's **over there!**

How did it **feel . . .** kissing an ape?

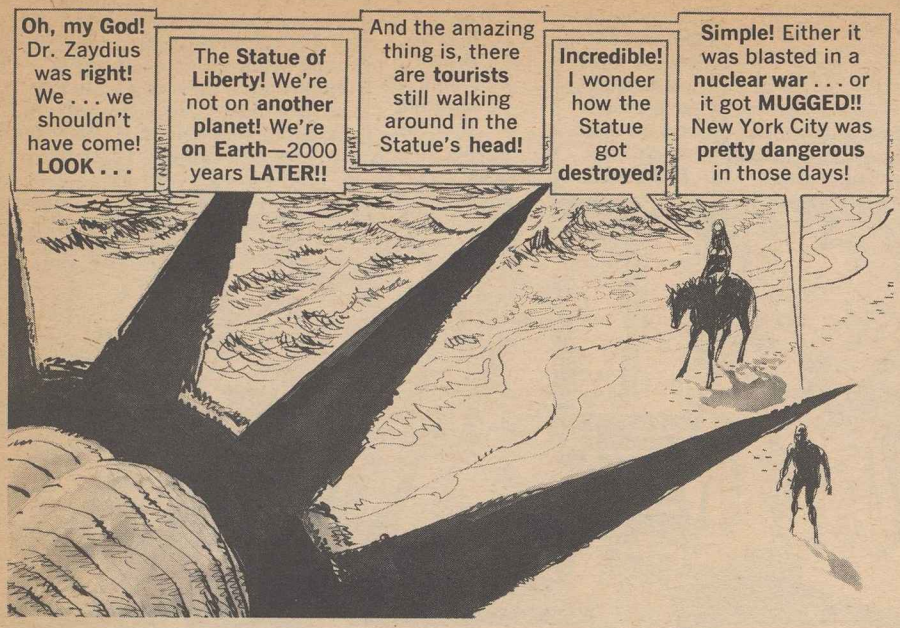
Where will you go from **here,** Tyler?

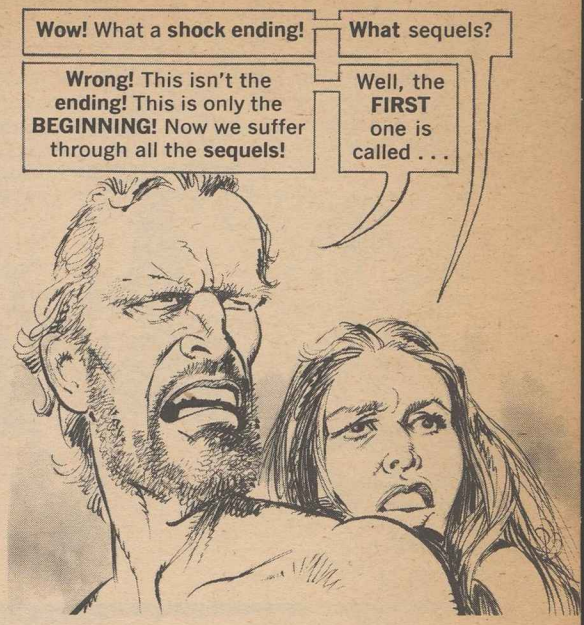
Nono and I will head down to the **beach** to look for a **taxi . . .** an **exit sign . . . ANYTHING** to get us off this **nutty planet!**

No! **No!** I **warn** you! **Don't** go down to the **shore** area! You **won't like** what you **see!!**

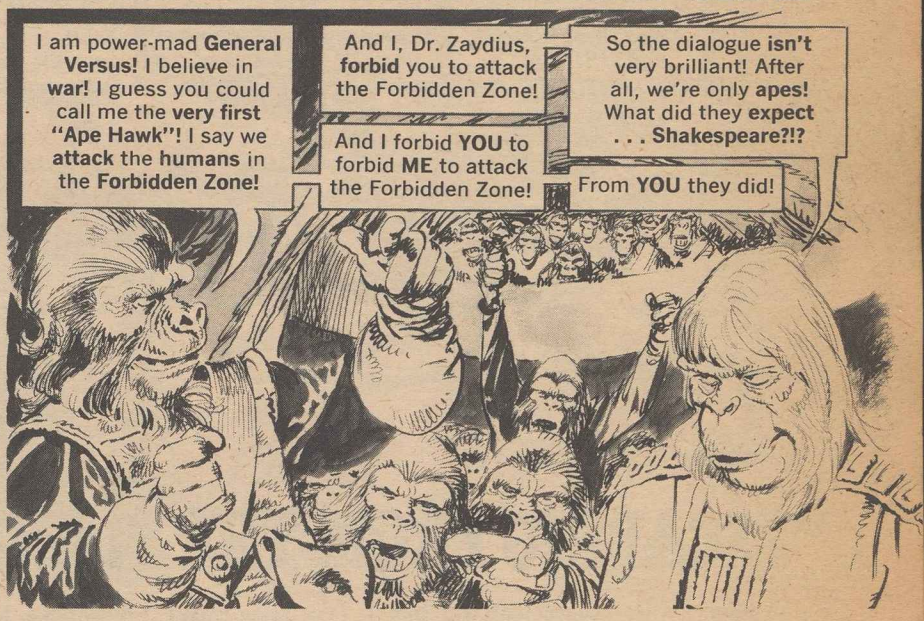
You **forget,** Dr. Zaydius—I'm from **Earth!** I've seen **seven oil slicks** off Santa Barbara, **thousands of dead fish** off Miami and **millions of pickles** off Coney Island! **Nothing** scares **me** any more!

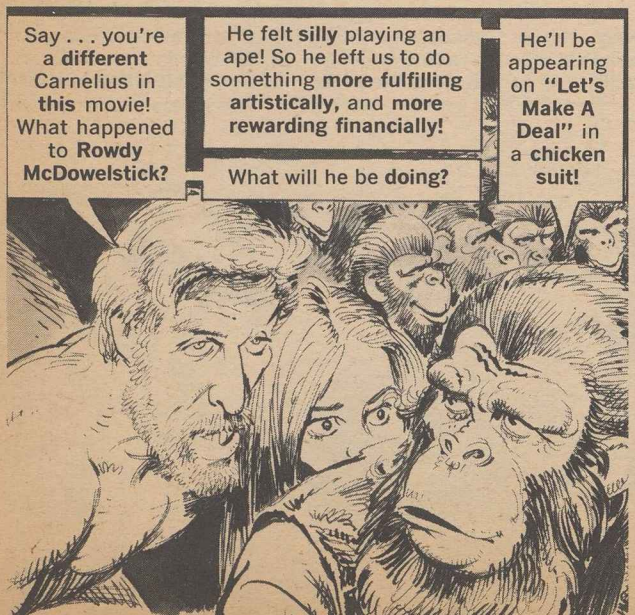
GESUNDHEIT!

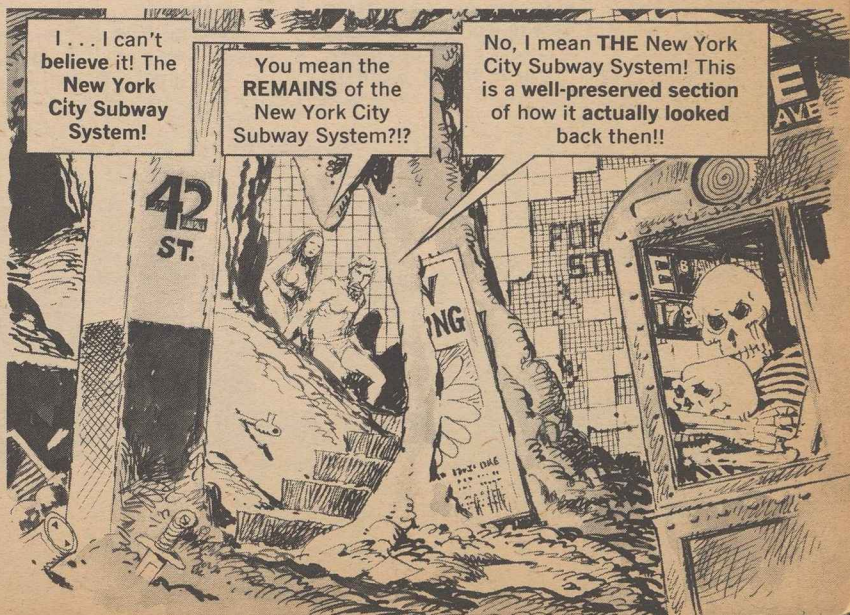




"UNDERNEATH THE PLANET THAT WENT APE"







We are the **humans** who **live** here in the Forbidden Zone! You have stumbled into our **Cathedral**—our **Temple**—where we worship the mighty **NUCLEAR BOMB!** The **Bomb** is our **God!!**

Boy . . . I sure hope I'm not here for your **HIGH HOLY DAYS Services!**

We are **mutants** whose **faces** have been **destroyed** by the radiation from **nuclear war!**

There! We took off our **masks!**

Now, **you** take off **your mask!**

But I'm not **wearing** a mask!!

C'mon! Quit kidding! **No one** can show such a **limited range** of **expression** and **emotion** with a **REAL face!**

Wait! Stop! Why are we **fighting,** Brunt? I thought we were **old friends!**

We **are!** But through **thought-tranference** and **hypnosis,** that **Inquisitor** is making us **hate** each other—and **all** human beings!

You're **right!** I was always a **Liberal!** But now, for the first time in my life, I'm **ANTI-busing!**

Look! The apes are attacking the **Temple!** They want the **Doomsday Bomb!**

I . . . I can't **take** any more! I've had it up to **here** with allegory, fantasy and social comment! I'm going to **press these buttons** and **END IT ALL!!**

You're going to **activate** the **Doomsday Bomb?!?**

No, I'm going to call my **Agent!** He's got to get me **out** of this **idiotic series!**

You mean there's gonna be **another sequel?!?**

Yes, and anyone **surviving** on this planet is **in it!**

Here! Let **ME detonate** that **blessed Bomb!**

In case anyone's **interested,** the **next** sequel is called . . .

"ESCAPING FROM THE PLANET THAT WENT APE"

It's an **alien spacecraft! It just landed here** . . . off the coast of **California!**

How **convenient!** With this next sequel located **right at home,** and **no fantastic sets** to worry about, 20th Century Farce will **really** rake in the ol' profits!

I'm going **crazy** keeping track of the **role-changes!** Who plays Carnelius **this** time?

Good news, folks! I'm **back!!**

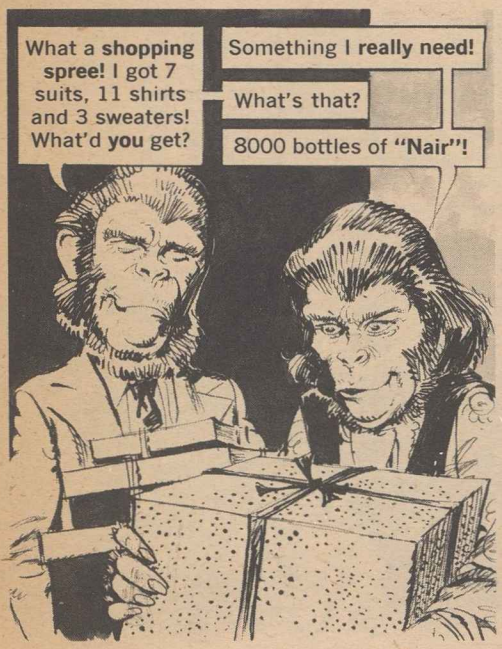
Rowdy McDowelstick! It's **YOU!!**

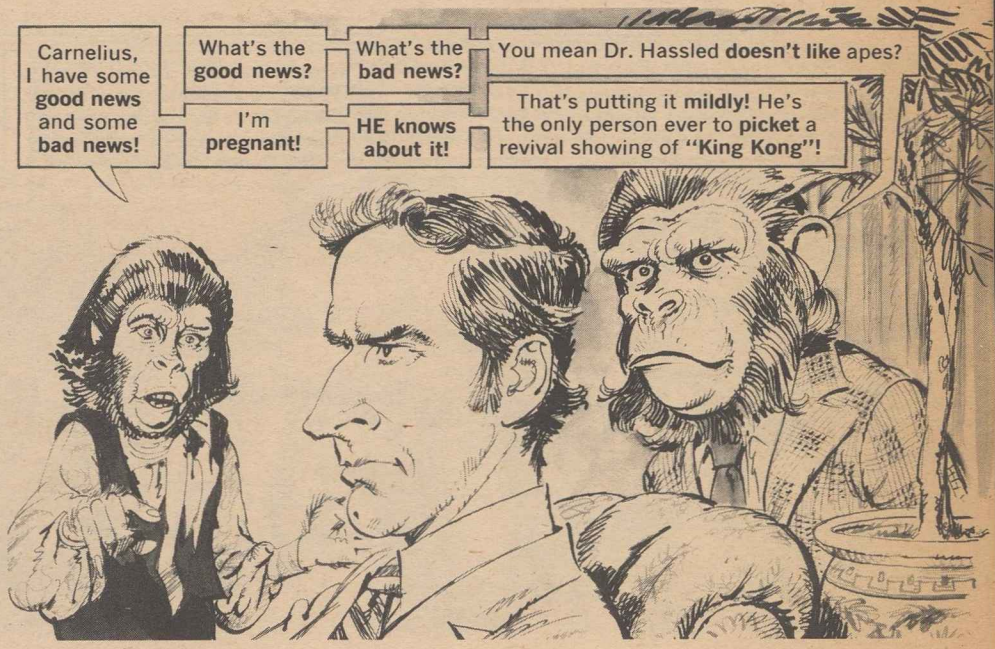
Yes! My Agent advised me to take this **role** again because he doesn't want the public to **forget my face!**

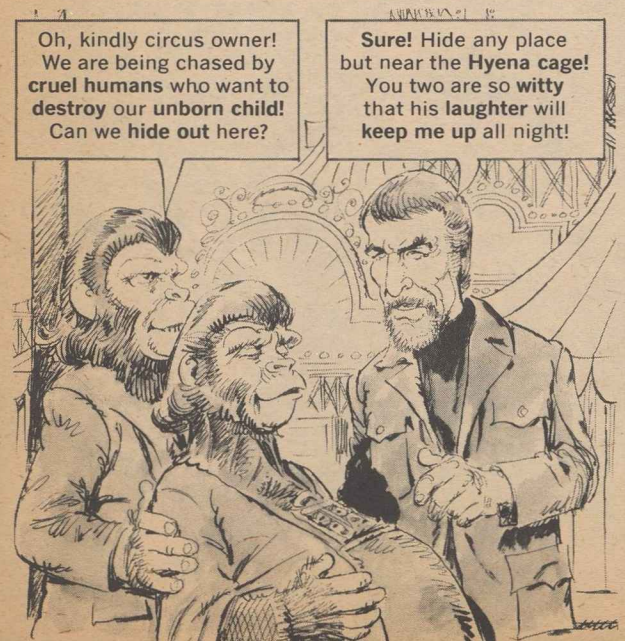
I'm **Sal Moneyo!** And **MY** Agent advised me to take **THIS** role because he wants the public to **REMEMBER mine!!**

This **Ape Press Conference** will now begin! **First question—**
What ever happened to **Sal Moneyo?** He only had a **ten-minute** part!
Which was probably five minutes **too long!**
It's **amazing!** Not only do these chimps **TALK,** but they're also very **amusing!**
They're so **delightful** and **witty!** What should we **DO** with them?
I'm **personally torn!** I don't know whether to put them on The **Johnny Carson Show—** or **execute** them!

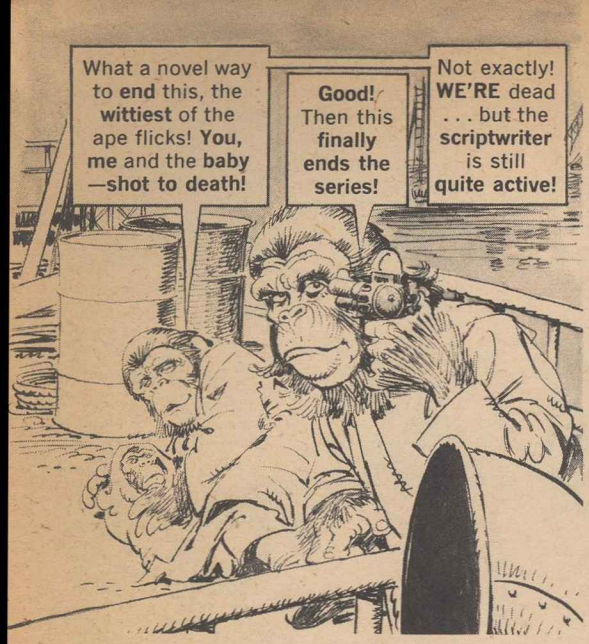
Welcome to the **Beverly Wilshire Hotel!** I hope your stay here will be a **pleasant** one! The elevators are right down the corridor . . .
No, thanks! We're in a **hurry!** We'll just climb up the side of the **building!**


What a **shopping spree!** I got 7 suits, 11 shirts and 3 sweaters! What'd **you** get?
Something I **really need!**
What's that?
8000 bottles of **"Nair"!**

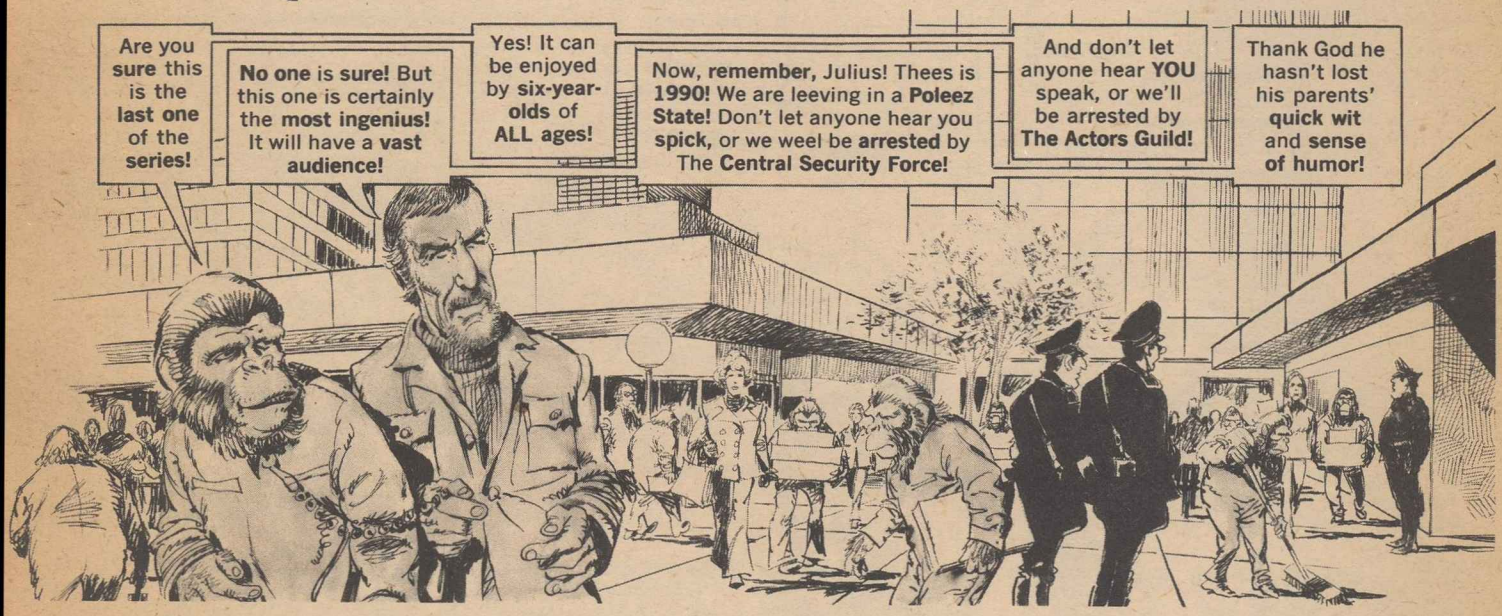

Carnelius, I have some **good news** and some **bad news!**
What's the **good news?**
I'm **pregnant!**
What's the **bad news?**
HE knows about it!
You mean Dr. Hassled **doesn't like** apes?
That's putting it **mildly!** He's the only person ever to **picket** a revival showing of **"King Kong"!**

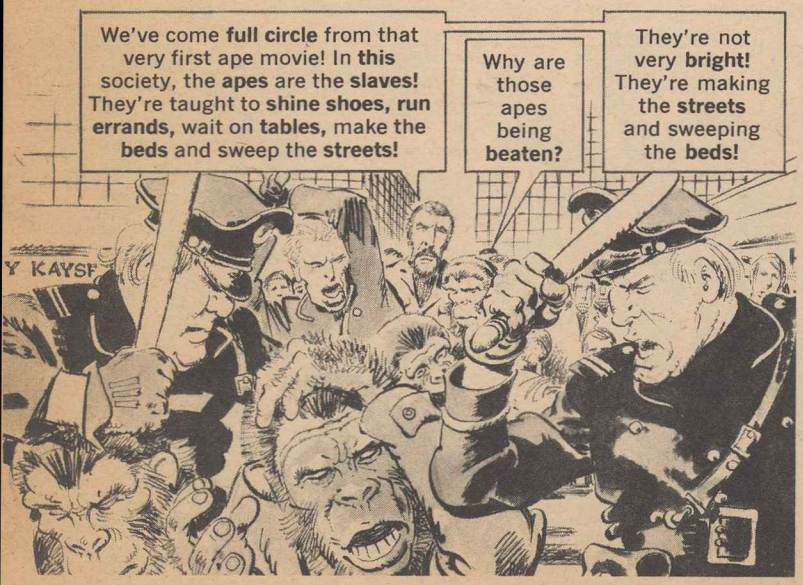

Oh, kindly circus owner! We are being chased by **cruel humans** who want to **destroy** our **unborn child!** Can we **hide out** here?
Sure! Hide any place but near the **Hyena cage!** You two are so **witty** that his **laughter** will **keep me up** all night!

It's a **boy!**
Congratulations to **both** of you!
I'm a **Father!**
Help me **celebrate,** Hermando! **Here . . .**
Smoke a banana!



"CONQUERING THE PLANET THAT WENT APE"

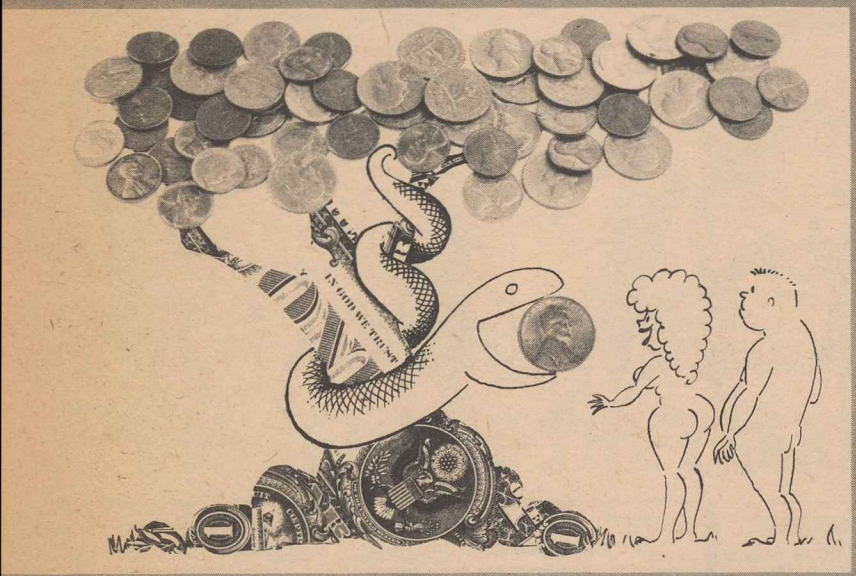


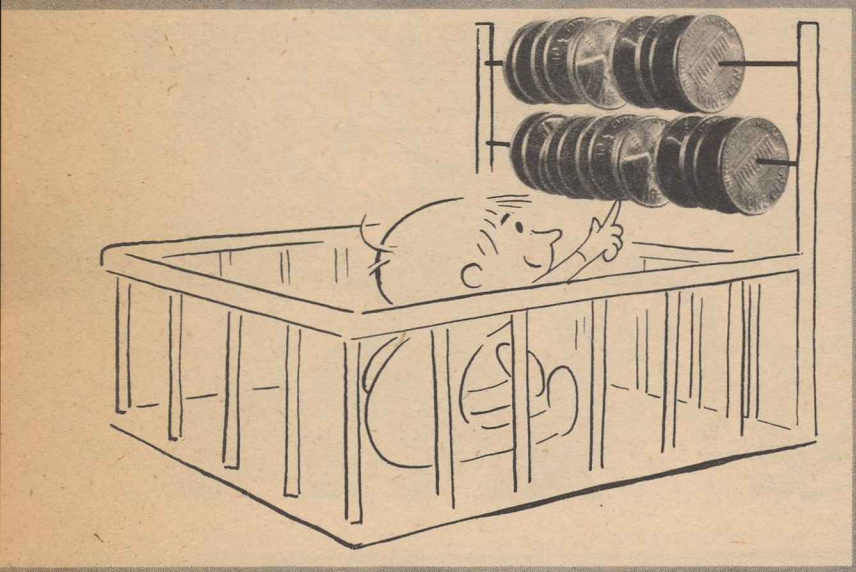


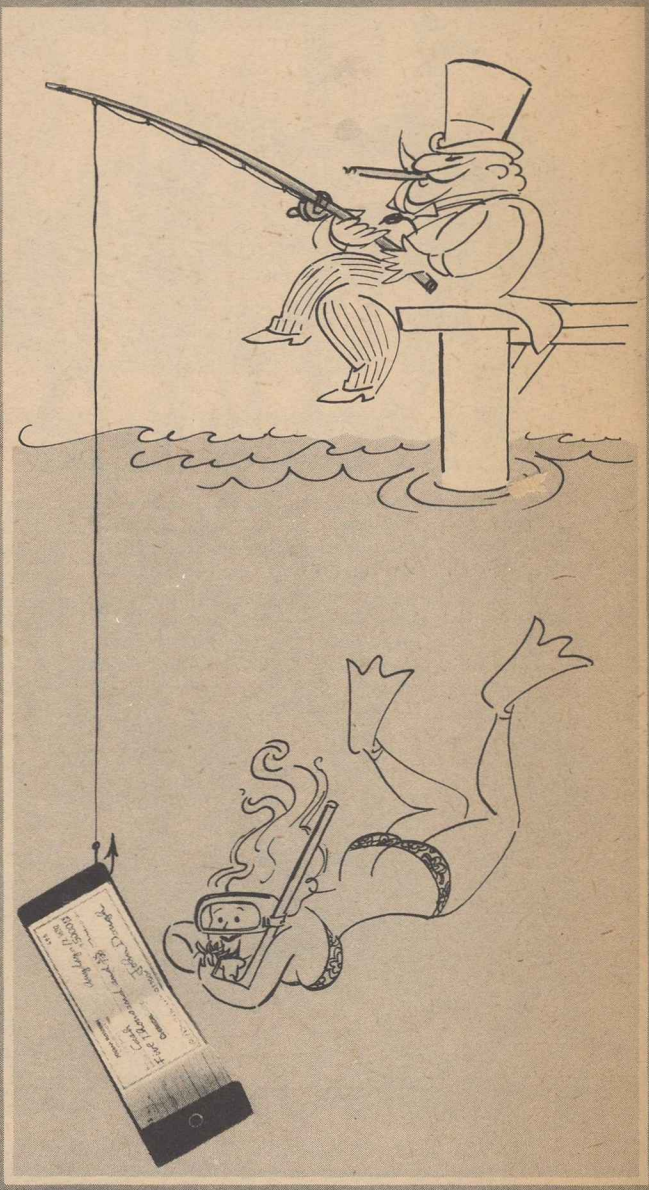
Hold it! WHAT DID THAT APE SAY?!?
Uh—don't be silly! Apes can't speak!
I'm positive I heard that ape speak!
Impossible! Apes do not have the power of speech!
Then how come I heard sound coming from his mouth?!?
Because THAT ape is a ventriloquist!
We suspect you are hiding an intelligent ape that escaped as an infant 20 years ago!
It's not true! Besides, why all this fuss about a talking ape?
Because an intelligent, talking ape could lead the other apes out of their slavery . . . and we must perpetuate slavery! We have always needed slaves, and we always will!
Ever get the feeling you're in the wrong movie!?
APE MANAGE
We are going to torture you to prove that you are THE talking ape! We have the voltage set on 500! Now, TALK!!
Stubborn, eh, Julius! All right, we'll push the voltage up to 600! Now, TALK!
Okay, it's your last chance! If you DON'T talk, we'll put you into the FIFTH "Planet That Went Ape" sequel!
Four score and seven years ago, our forefathers brought upon this continent a new nation, conceived in . . .
TORTURE COMPUTER CONTROL
PAT. PENDING 0719826 4353210
BY MATTEL
LOW MED HIGH
Of all the apes in the 4 movies so far, you are easily the stupidest! So if I'm going to lead you in a revolt against the humans, you are going to have to follow my advice and not embarrass me! Like from now on, when you put on your shoes and socks, DON'T do it in that order!
Look! The apes are revolting!
Well, let's say they're a bit tacky!
No, they're rioting, looting and burning! Gee, when I trained for Gorilla Warfare, I never dreamed I'd really get to use it!
They don't stand a chance! We've got sophisticated weapons, electronic computers, and an army of 8000 men!!
But Julius is brilliant! He has an arsenal of weapons that just might destroy us!
WHAT weapons!
He's got 8000 banana peels!
Well, Julius, your banana peel trick worked! You've won! Now that you've taken over, what are your plans?
It beats me! I'm not THAT intelligent! I won't know myself until the sequel!

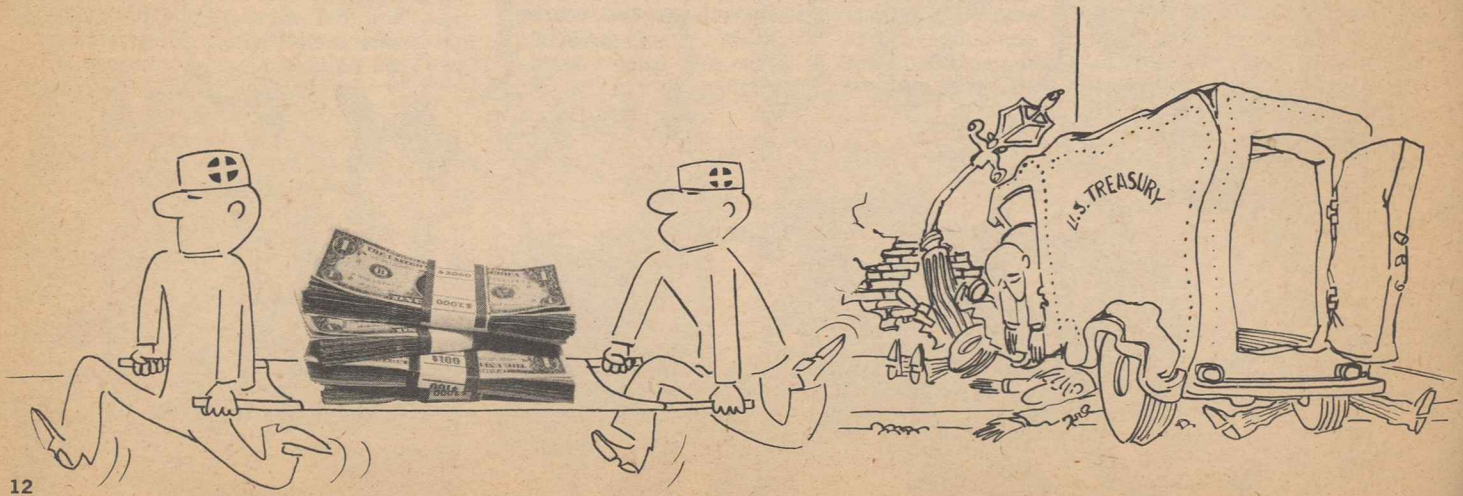
MINT CONDITIONING DEPT.

A MAD LOOK



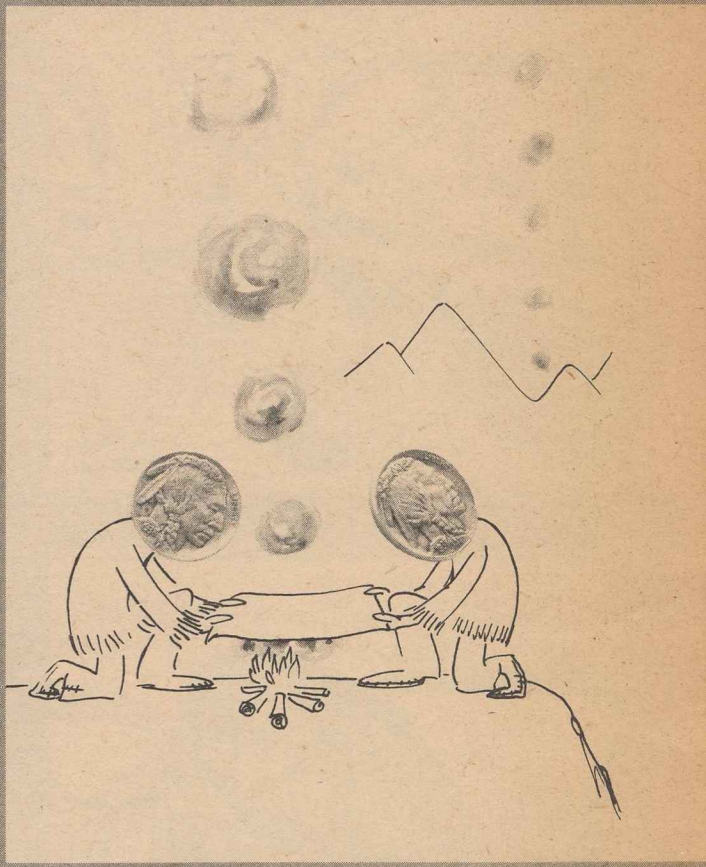


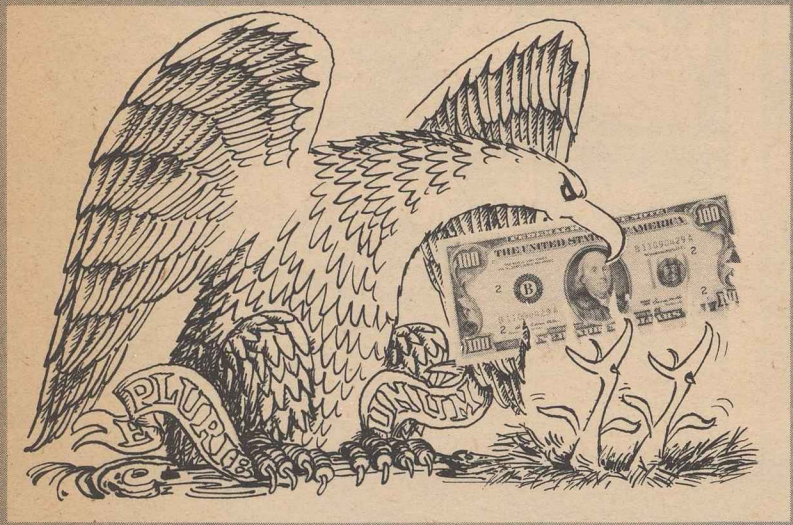


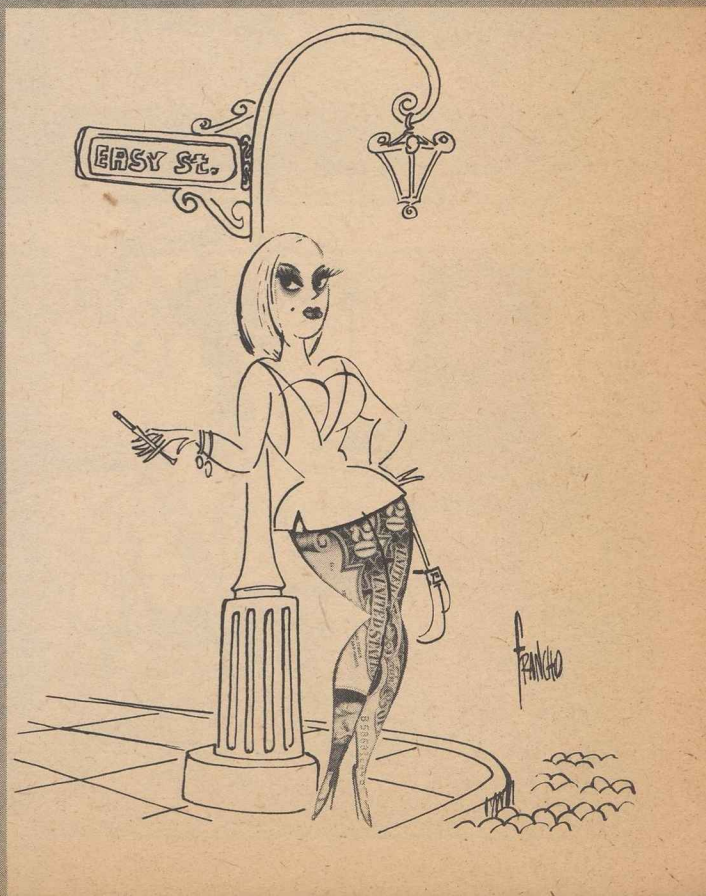


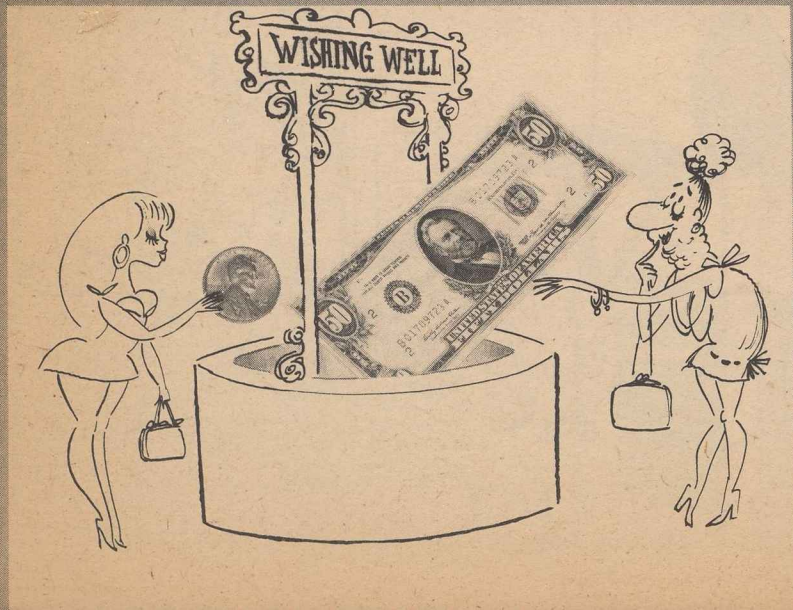
AT MONEY

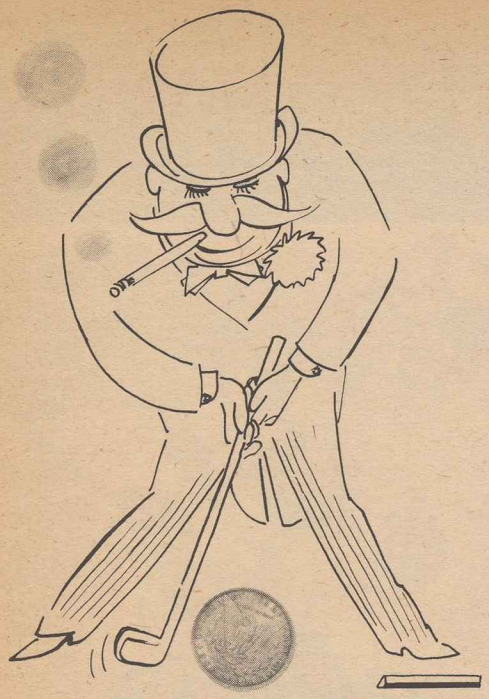
ARTIST & WRITER:
ARNOLDO FRANCHIONI

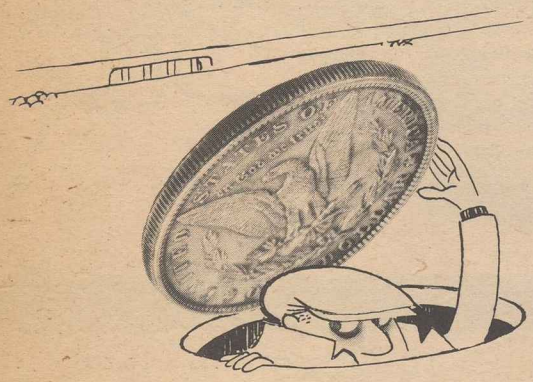


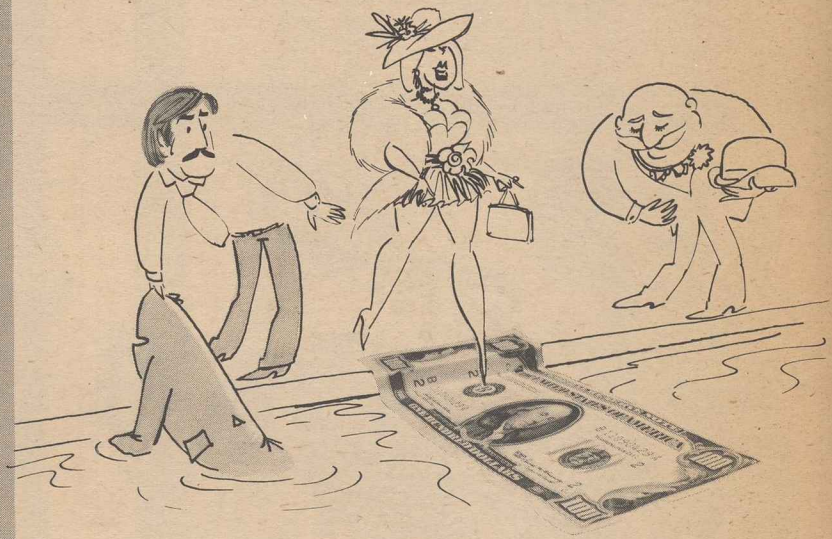


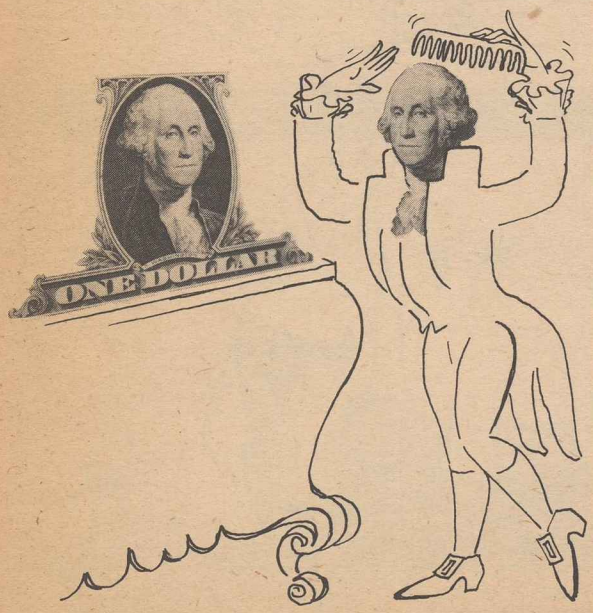


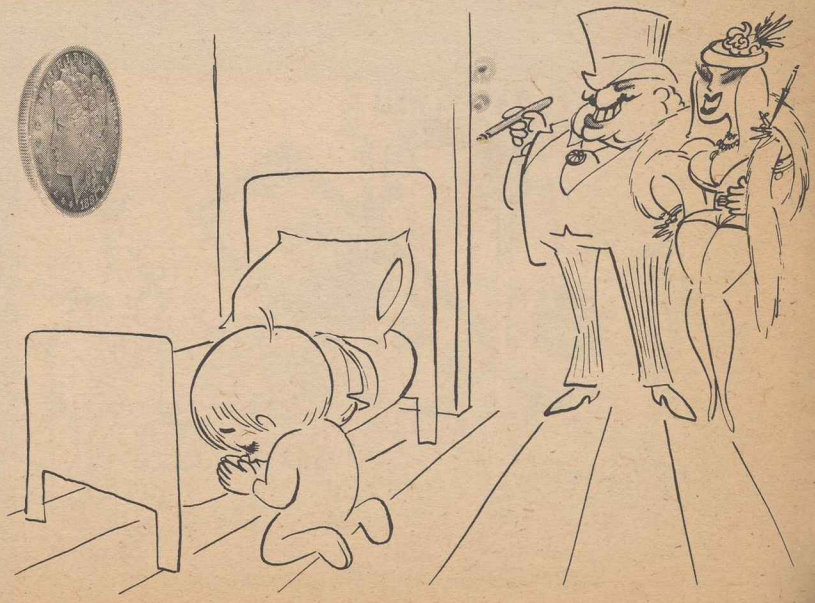






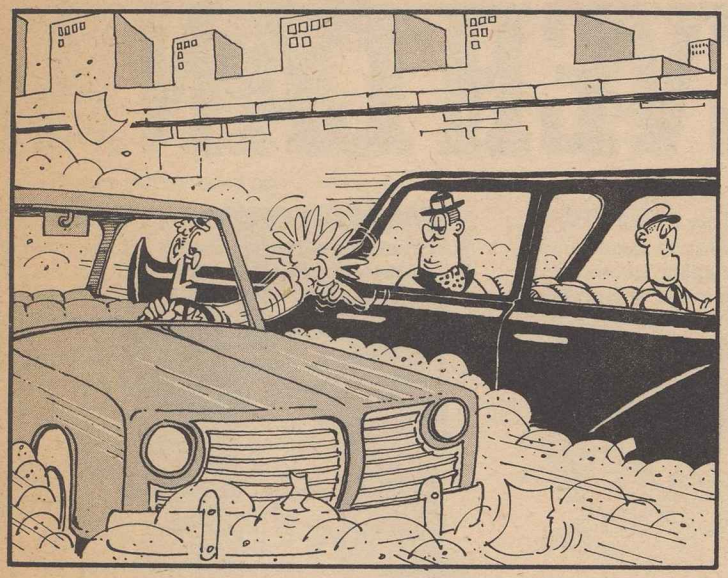


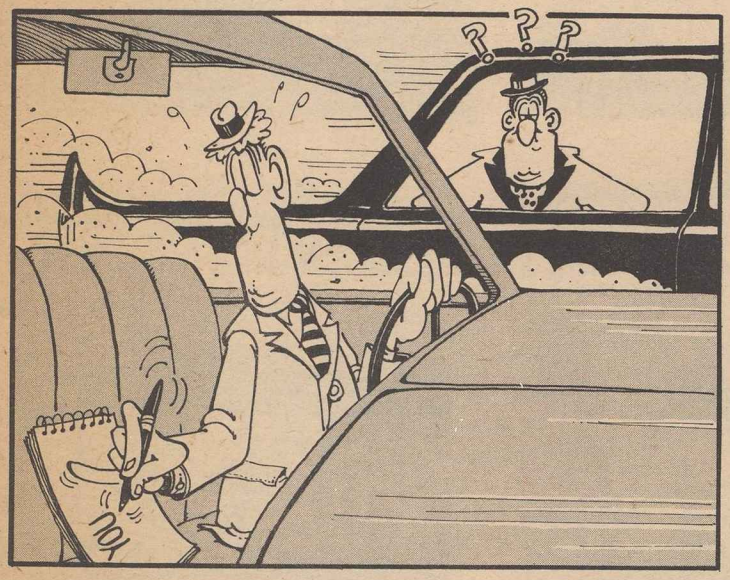

ONE DOLLAR

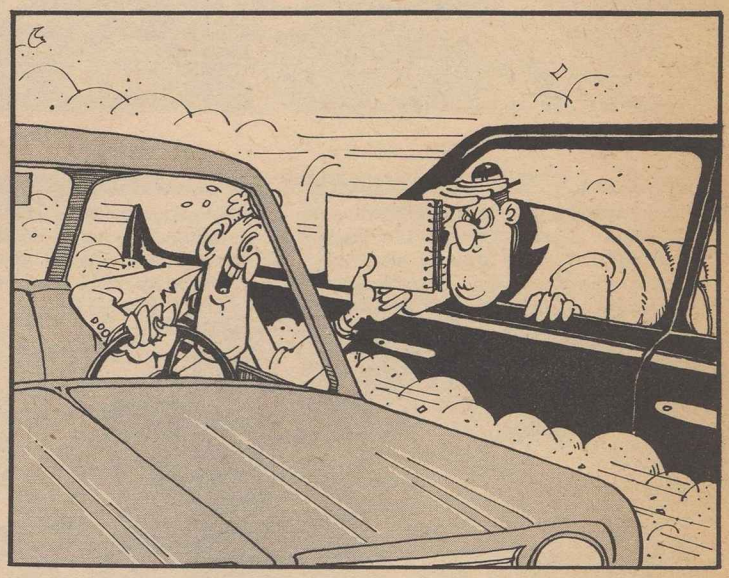


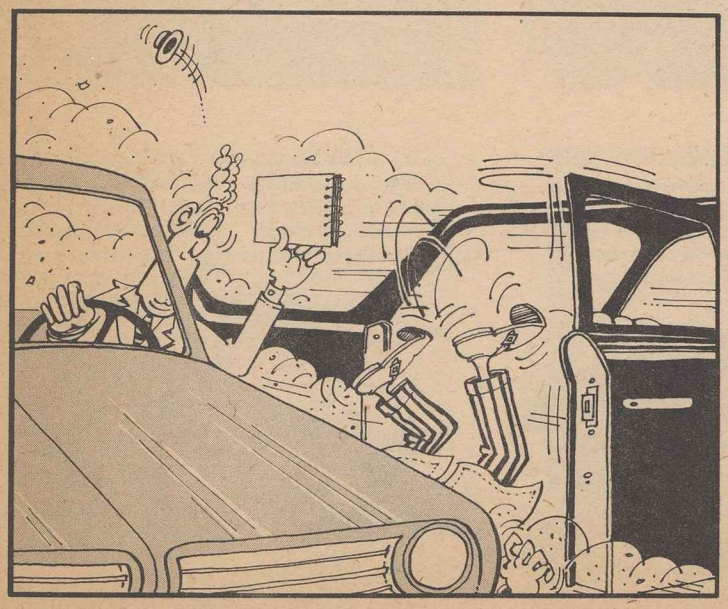
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

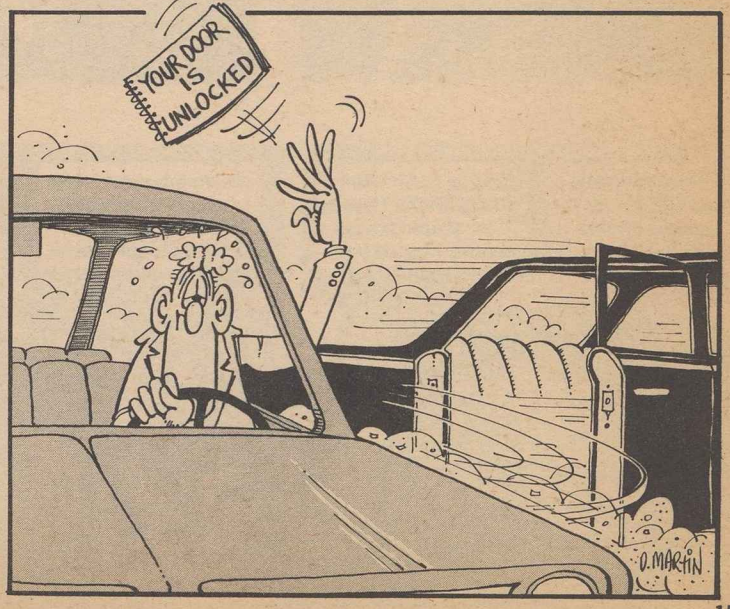
ONE DAY ON THE HIGHWAY









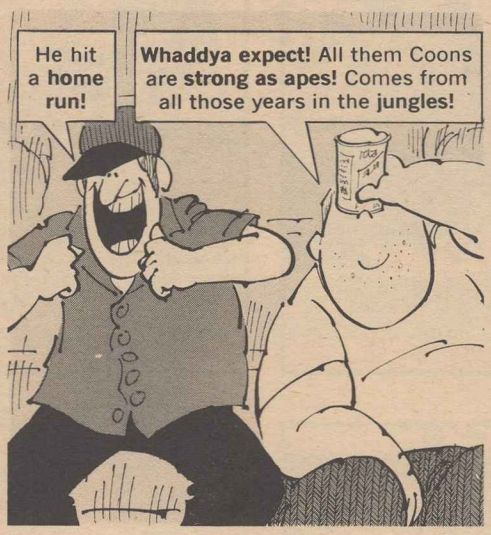


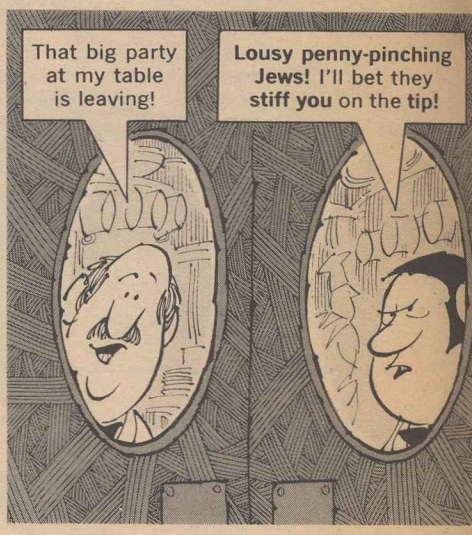
IN THE IRE OF THE BEHOLDER DEPT.

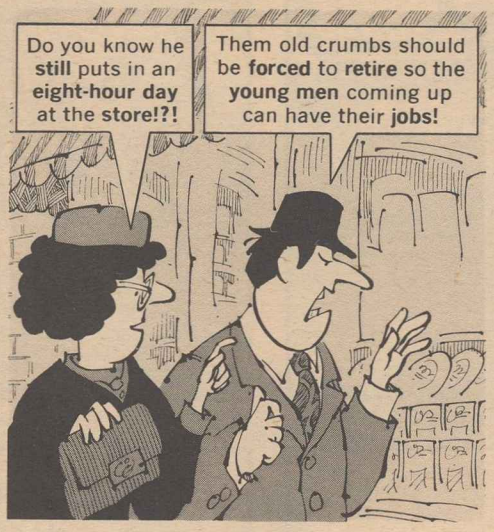
Ever meet a "Bigot"? Ever try to talk sense to him? If you have, then you know it's a losing proposition. Because no matter what you say, he has an

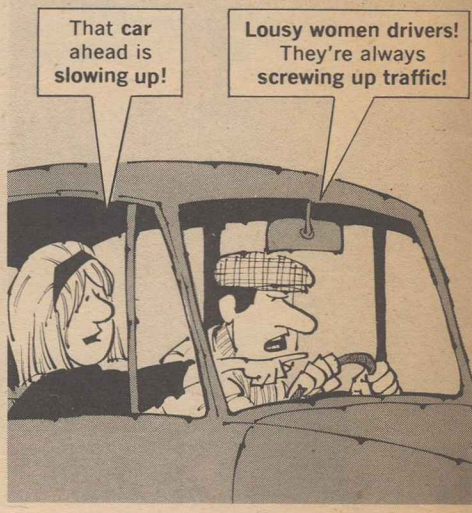
YOU NEVER CAN W

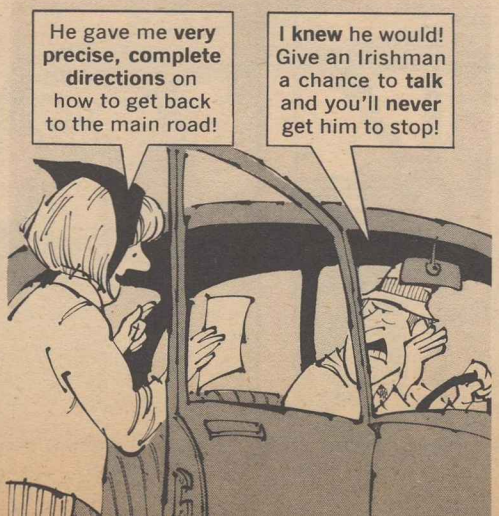
ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

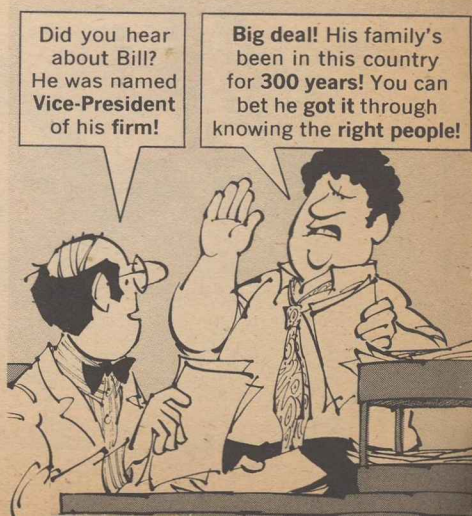








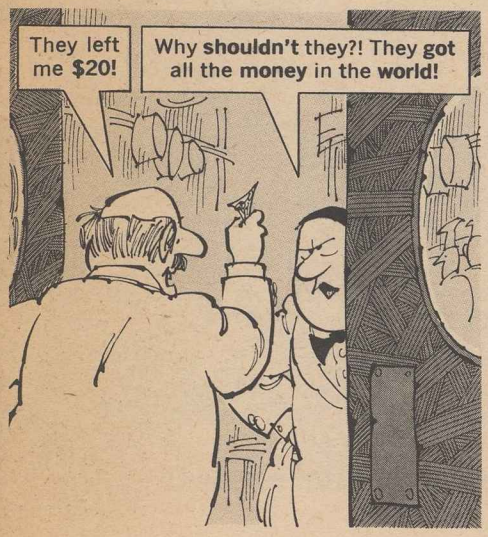


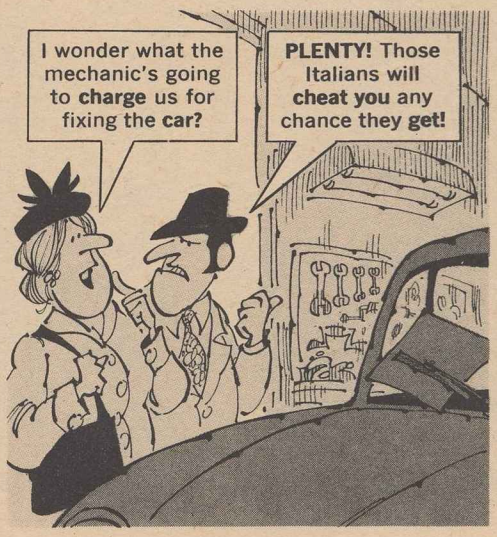


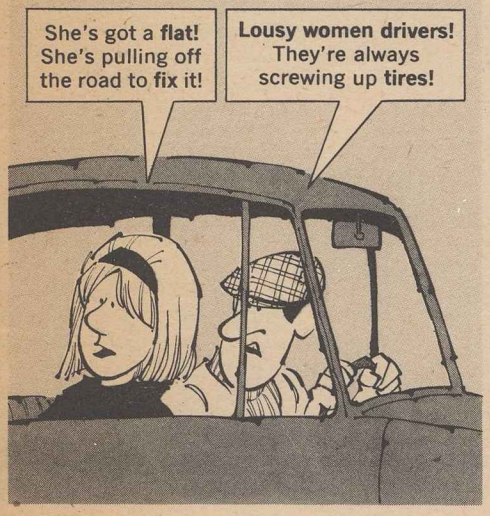
answer that supports his warped point of view. If you don't believe it, then try reading the following examples which clearly demonstrate exactly why...

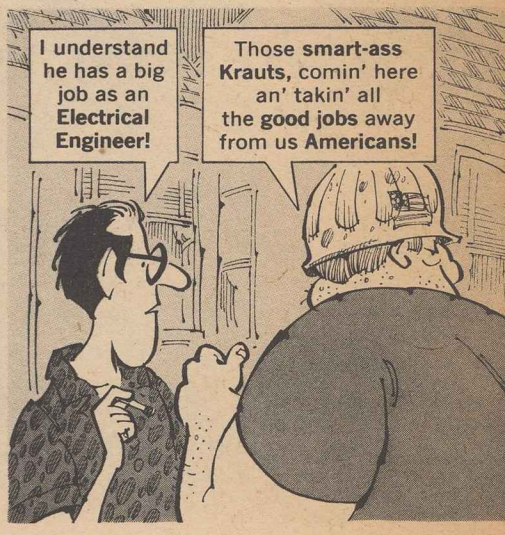
IN WITH A BIGOT!

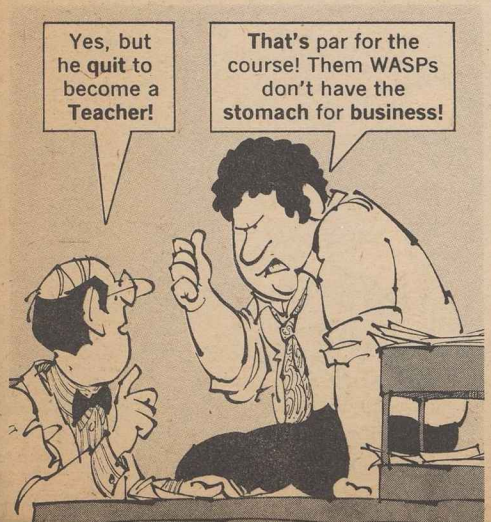
WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

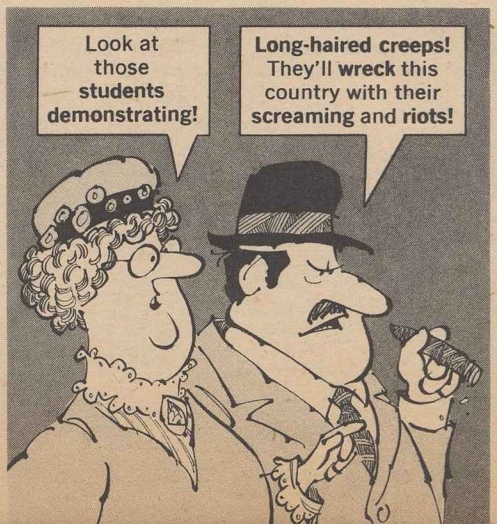


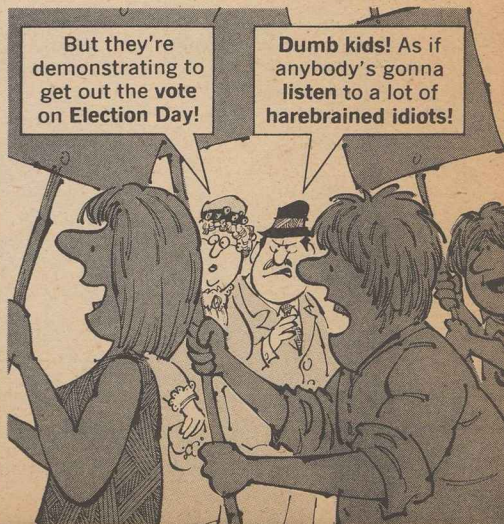








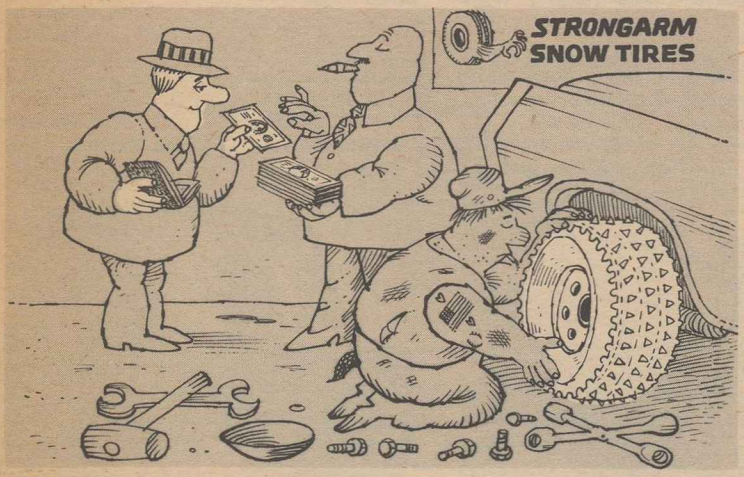




MISFORTUNE KOOKIE DEPT.

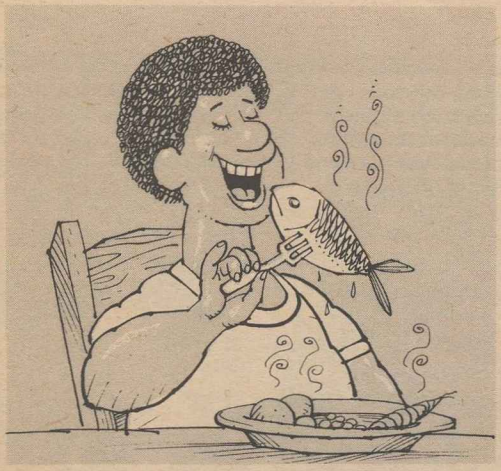
It always happens! You plot and you plan and you work to carve out a perfect little life for yourself. But no matter how carefully you look before you leap, and save

Don't You Feel Li

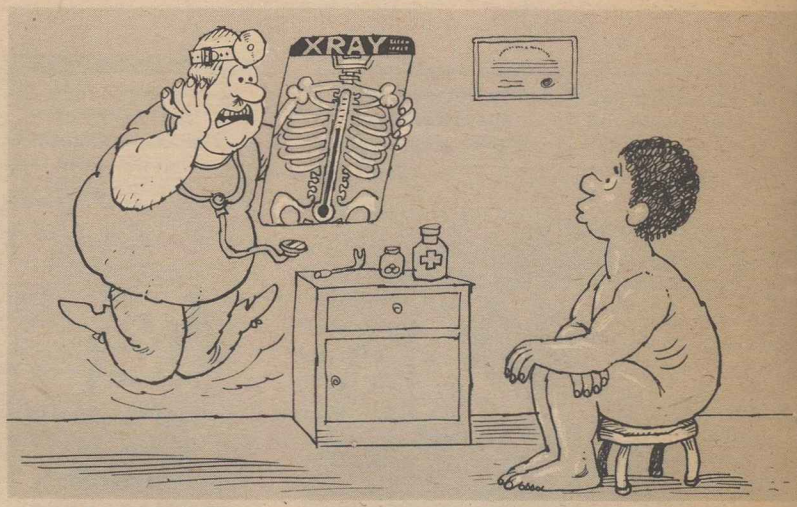


DON'T YOU FEEL LIKE A SCHMUCK . . .
. . . preparing for winter with the best snow tires money can buy . . .

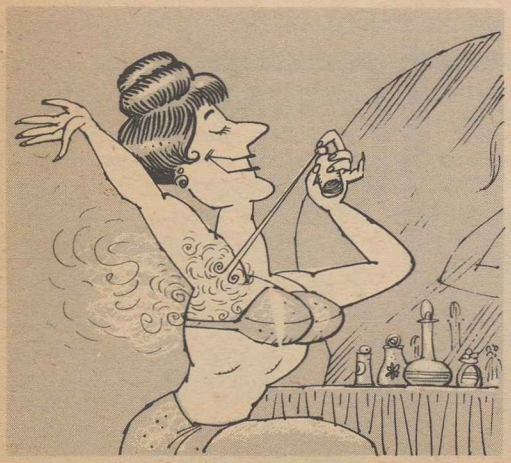
. . . and winding up stuck behind a guy who didn't!



DON'T YOU FEEL LIKE A SCHMUCK . . .
. . . eating fish to cut down on cholesterol . . .



. . . and accumulating enough mercury in your system to kill a whale!



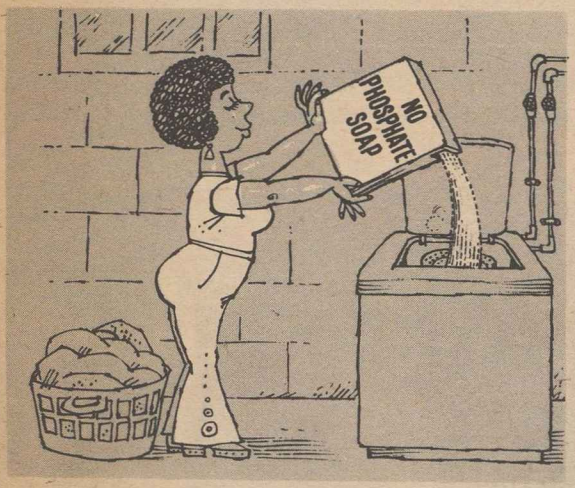
DON'T YOU FEEL LIKE A SCHMUCK . . .
. . . putting on an expensive exotic perfume . . .

. . . and the person you're spending the evening with smells like a goat!

for a rainy day, some event—completely beyond your control—brings the whole scheme tumbling down. And as you sit there in the rubble and ruin of your best-laid plans—

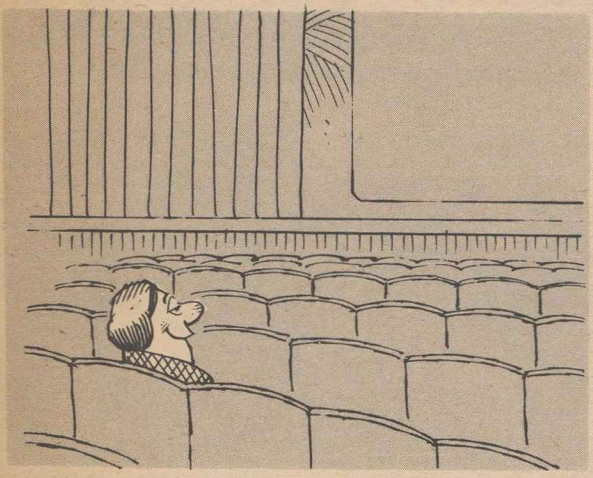
ke A Schmuck?!

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

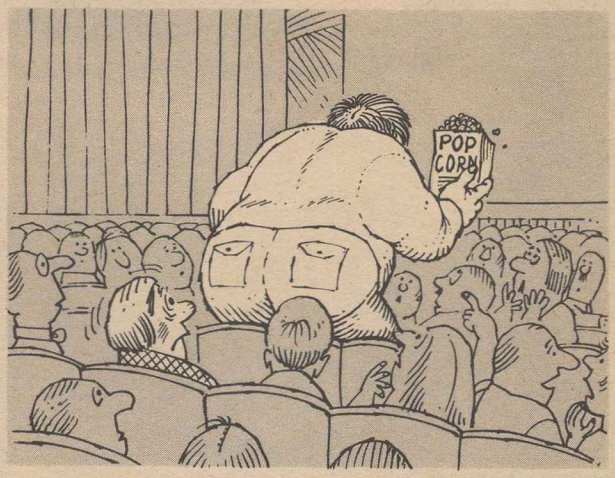


DON'T YOU FEEL LIKE A SCHMUCK . . .
. . . obeying your County's anti-pollution laws . . .

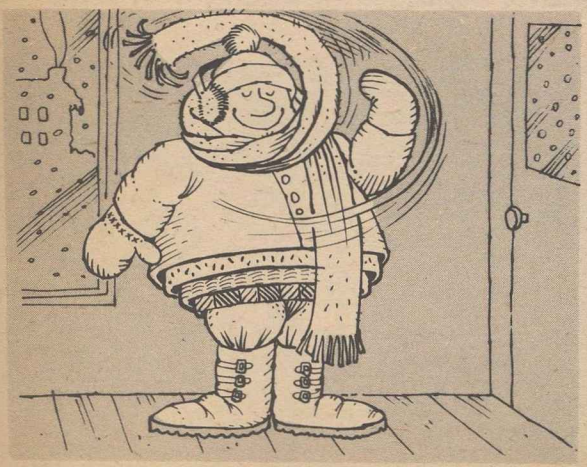
. . . when your water comes from another County with no such laws!



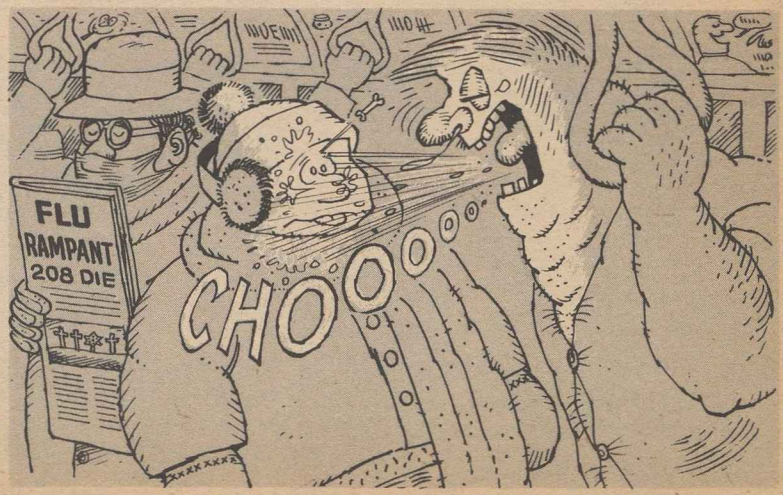
DON'T YOU FEEL LIKE A SCHMUCK . . .
. . . getting to the theater early to get a good seat . . .



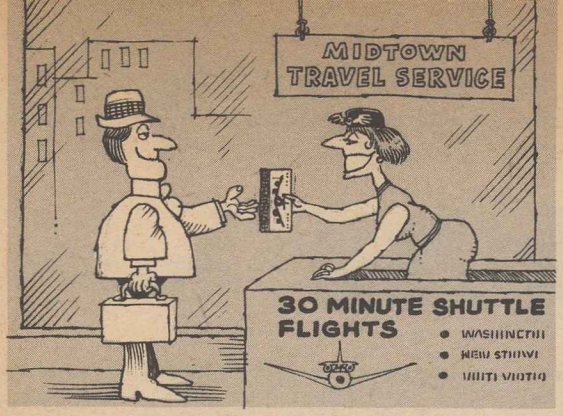
. . . and at the last minute, an eight-foot giant picks the only empty seat left . . . the one directly in front of you!



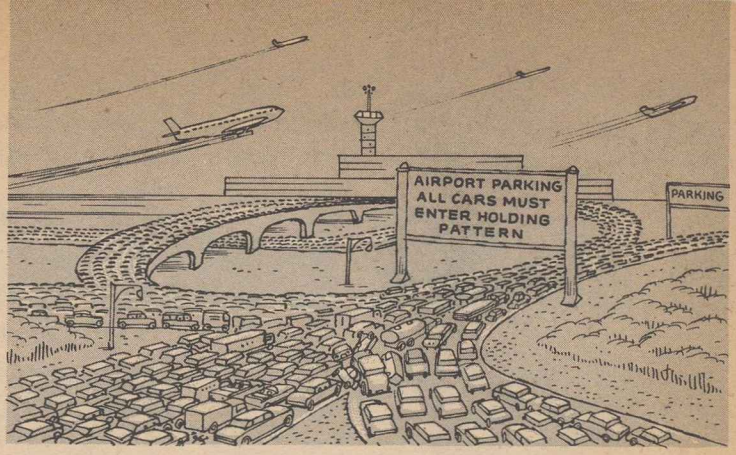
DON'T YOU FEEL LIKE A SCHMUCK . . .
. . . doing all you can do to avoid catching a cold . . .



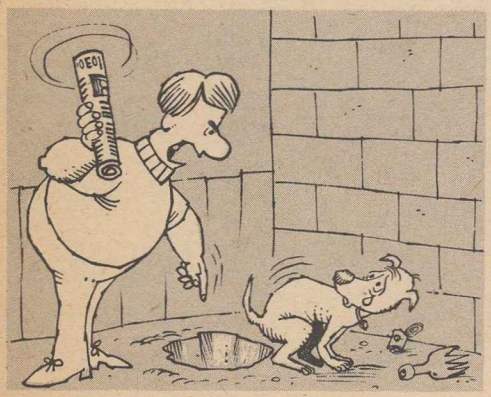
. . . and some careless, sick slob coughs right in your face!



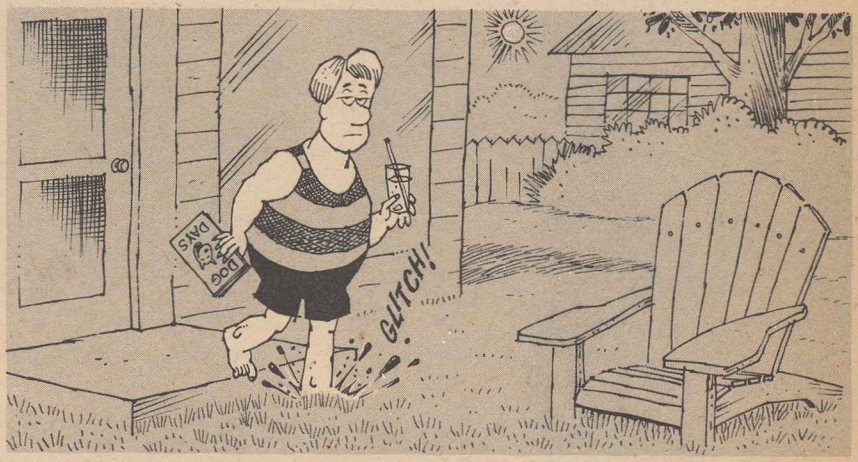
DON'T YOU FEEL LIKE A SCHMUCK . . .
. . . paying a fortune to fly in order to save time . . .



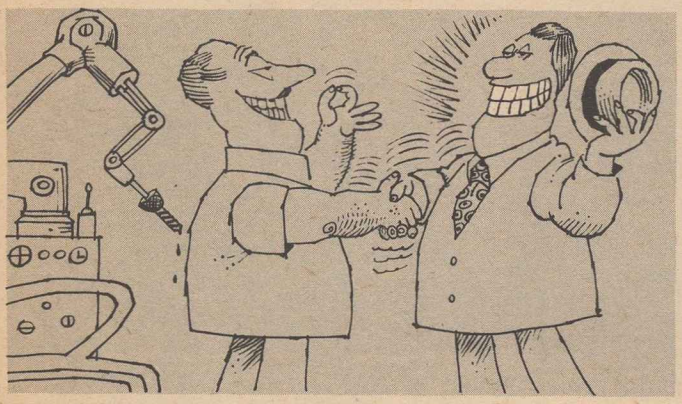
. . . and spending the time you save in an airport traffic jam!



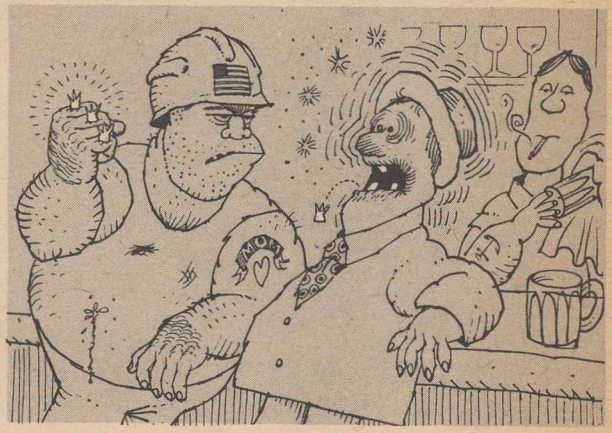
DON'T YOU FEEL LIKE A SCHMUCK . . .
. . . spending months, training your dog to "go" in one special out-of-the-way spot . . .



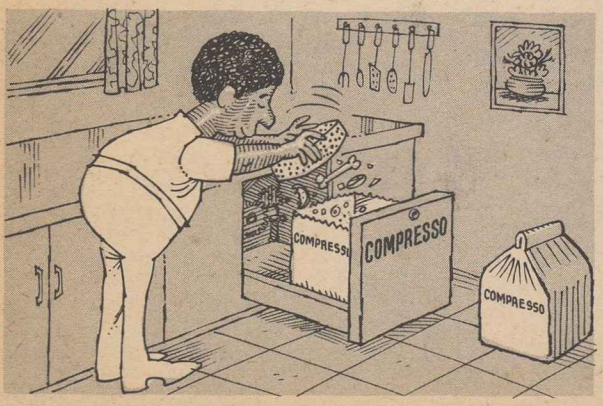
. . . while your neighbor lets his dog loose to "go" wherever it pleases!



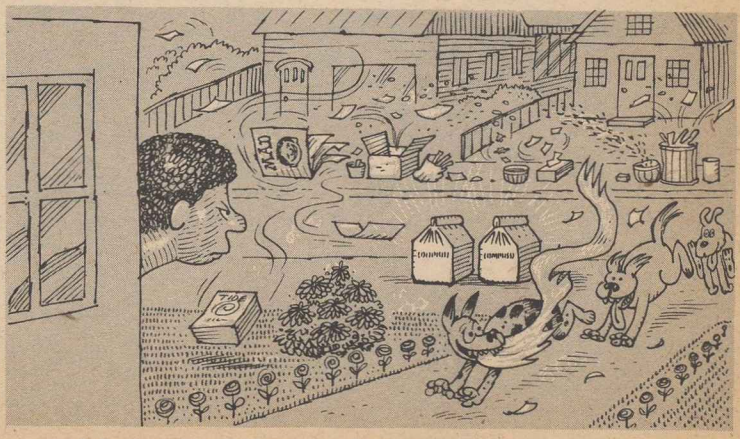
DON'T YOU FEEL LIKE A SCHMUCK . . .
. . . taking perfect care of your teeth for thirty-three years . . .



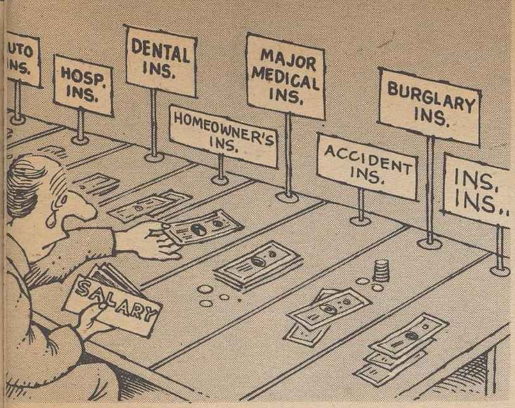
. . . and blowing it all on one stupid barroom argument!

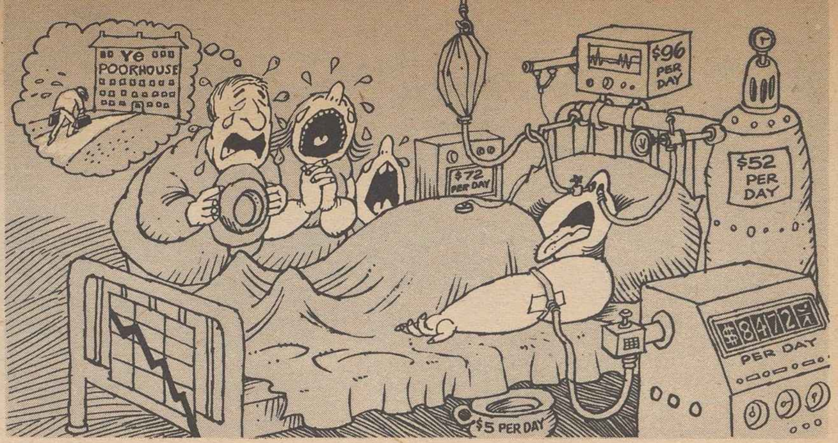


DON'T YOU FEEL LIKE A SCHMUCK . . .
. . . compressing your garbage into neat little packs . . .



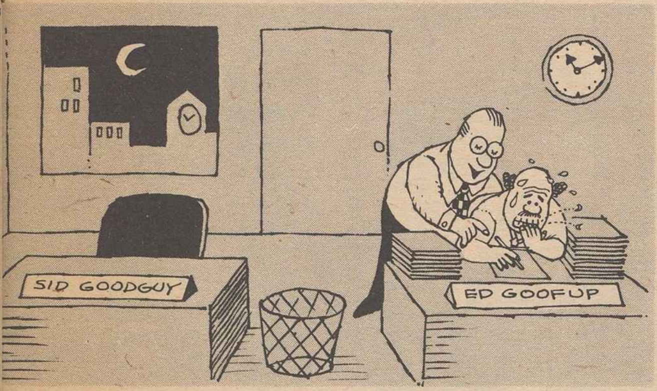
. . . and the neighbors' loose stuff ends up all over your lawn!

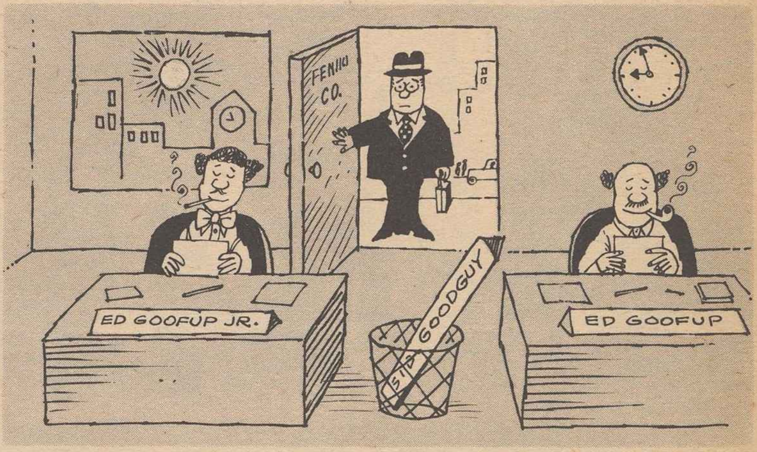




DON'T YOU FEEL LIKE A SCHMUCK...
... making sure you're insured to the hilt...

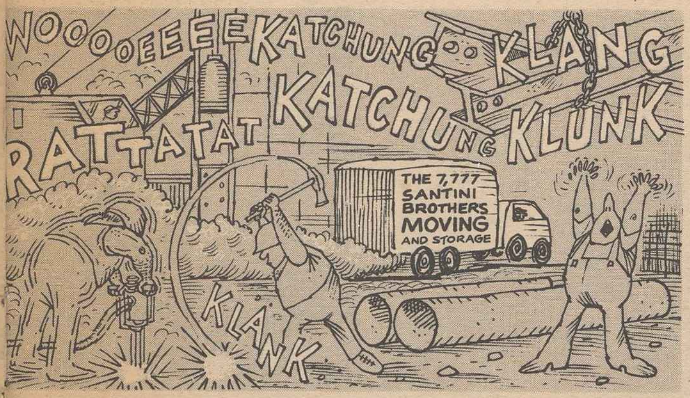
... and your *un*insured Mother-in-Law's 14-month illness wipes you out!

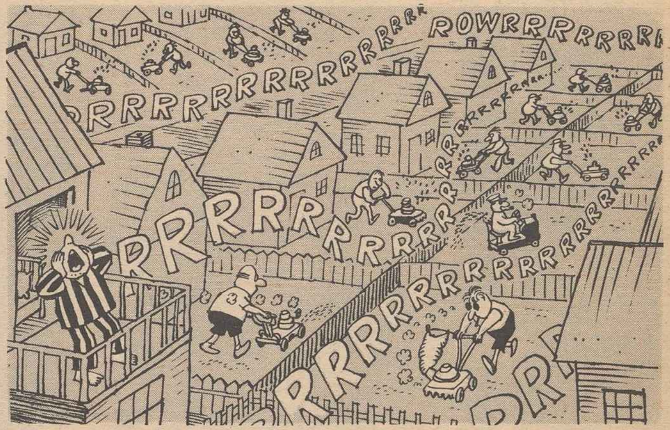




DON'T YOU FEEL LIKE A SCHMUCK...
... coaching, advising and helping your fellow worker for years, because he's sending his son through college...

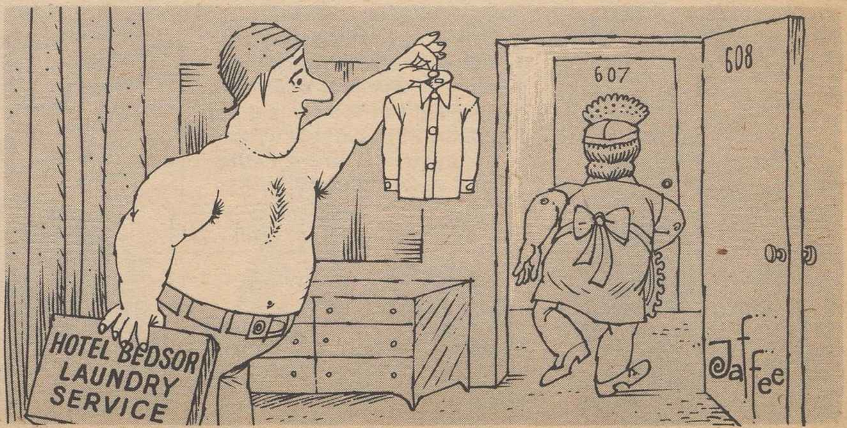
... and the kid finally graduates... right into your job!





DON'T YOU FEEL LIKE A SCHMUCK...
... moving to the country to escape the sounds of the city...

... without first checking out the sounds of the country!

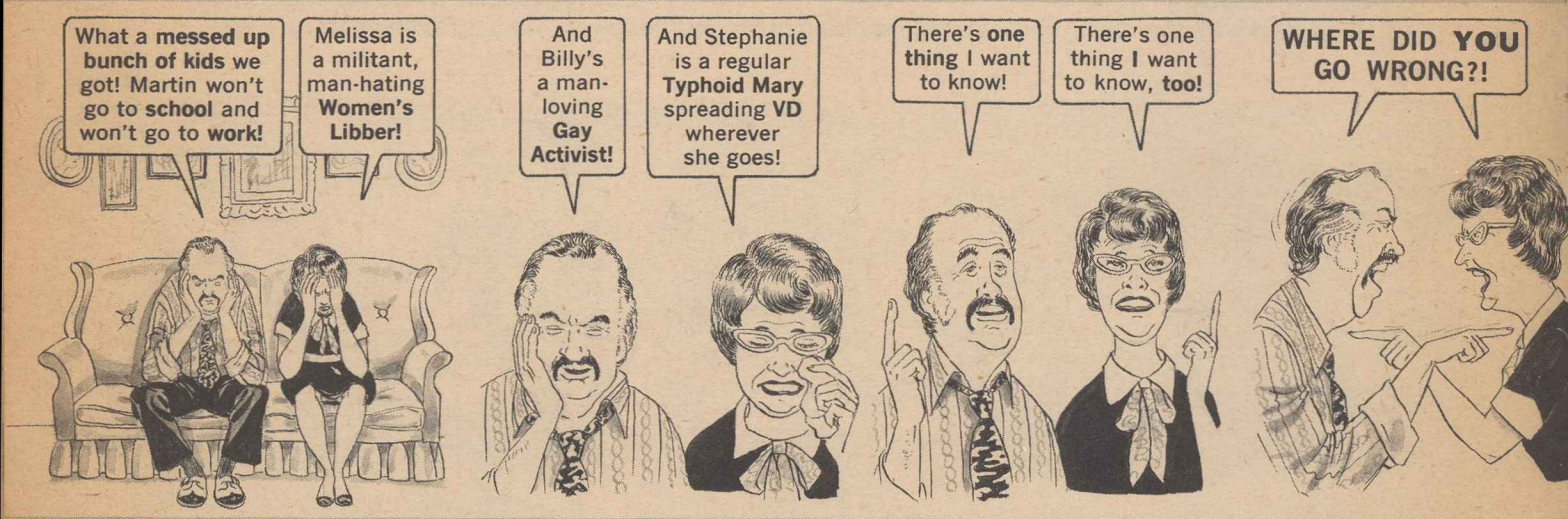


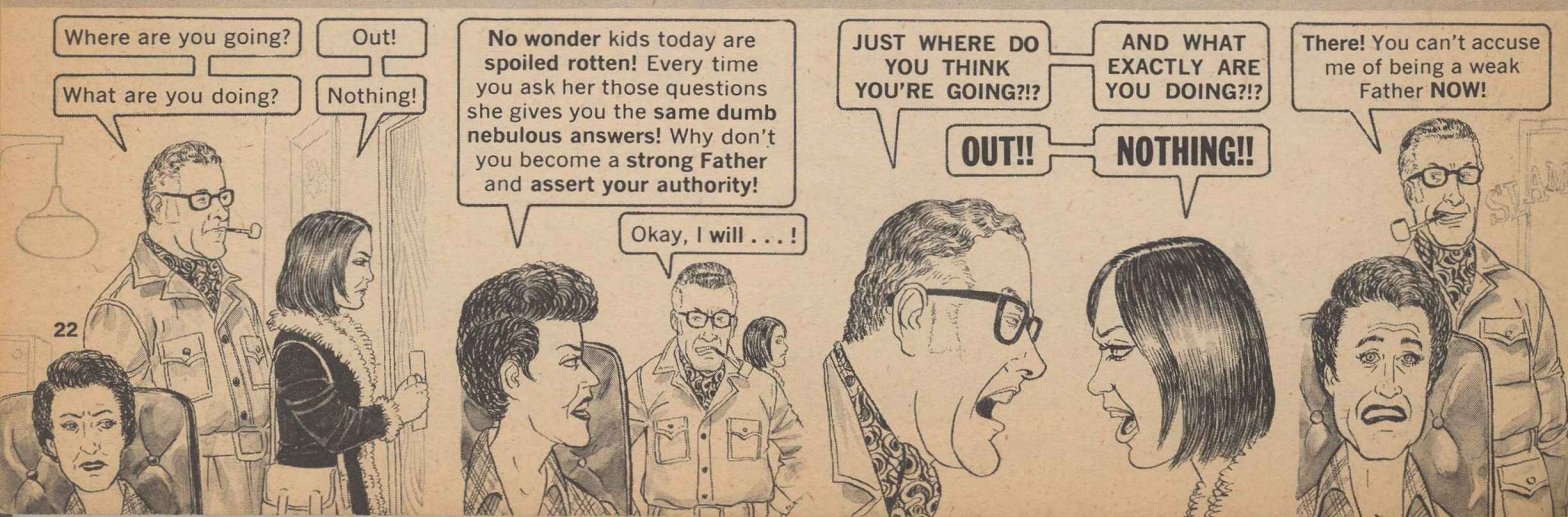
DON'T YOU FEEL LIKE A SCHMUCK...
... buying a new garment with a special washing instruction label sewn right into the lining...

... and the first moron who launders it completely ignores the label!

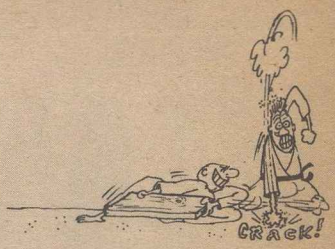
BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... PERM

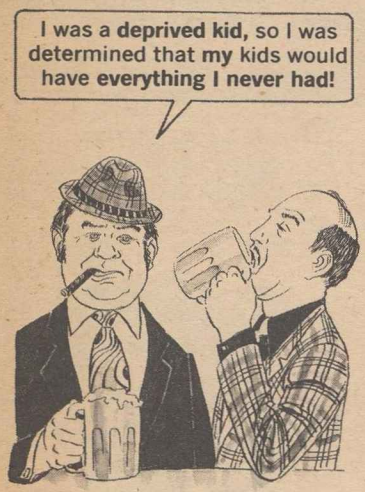


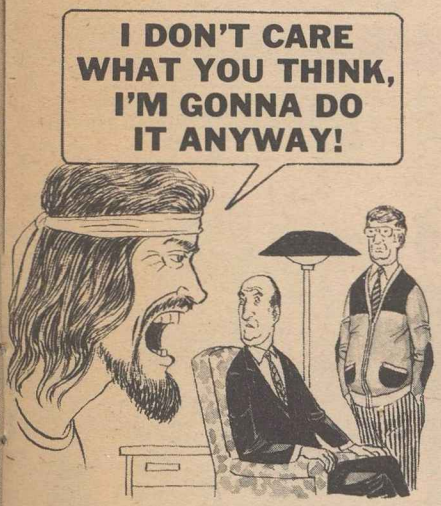


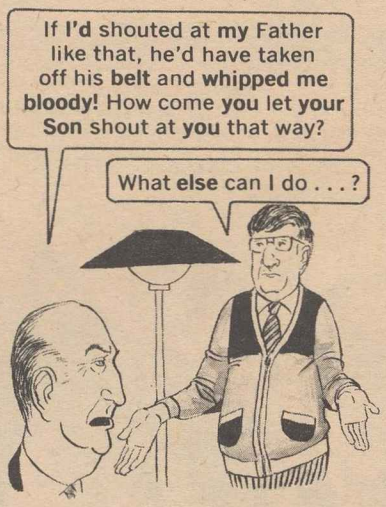
ISSIVENESS

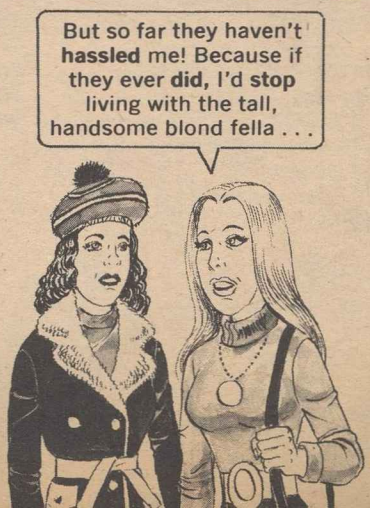


ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG









You're her father! You go down there and tell her to **stop smoking!!**

Oh? You want **me** to be the **heavy!?** You want **your child** to love **you!?** Well, I want **my** child to love **me! Everybody** wants to be loved! So if we **do** it, we do it **together!!**

Dear, speaking for your Mother and myself, we think you're **too young** to **smoke!**

I'M NOT TOO YOUNG! I'M FIFTEEN! AND I HATE THE BOTH OF YOU!

Why are you hating **ME?!?** I didn't say it!! **HE** did!!

My goodness! Such **filthy language!**

What's **wrong?**

We just received an **obscene phone call!**

Why didn't you **yell!?** I could've called the **Police** on our **other number** and have them **trace** it!

It wasn't necessary! I **knew** who the obscenities were coming from!

It was our **DAUGHTER** . . . calling from **College!**

Will you look at that! It's my **Son** and his **date!**

Where did he get the **money** to take her to such an **expensive restaurant?**

Don't worry! When my Son **wants** something, he knows how to **get** it!

Beg pardon, Sir, but that **young man** asked me to give **this** to you!

See what I mean . . .?!?

One of my students pulled a **knife** on me in class!

How **horrible!!**

Don't worry! I got the knife **away** from him!

How **wonderful!**

I'm not one of those **permissive teachers** who allows the kids to bully them!

How did you get the knife **away?**

I **bought it** from him!!

We adults did such a **bad job** on you kids that it's a **NATIONAL DISASTER!**
Now . . . it would take **another** National Disaster to shock you kids out of the **first** Disaster!
Like **what . . .?**
Well . . . like . . . all the **adults** could suddenly **DROP DEAD!**
Naahh! **That** wouldn't work!
Because **that** wouldn't be a **DISASTER!!**
Well, Miss Woodstock Generation! So **tell** me, what **terrible things** did you **do** at the Rock Festival?
Nuthin'!
When **you** say **"Nothing!"**, that means **"Something!"** What did you **do?**
If you **must** know, I went **skinny dipping** in the **lake** with a bunch of **fellahs!**
OH, MY GOD! WHAT A FILTHY, DISGUSTING THING TO DO!!
Oh, **Mom**— stop being such a **prude!**
What prude?!? That lake is **POLLUTED!!**
I have the **cruelest parents** in the **world!**
No matter how much I **provoke** them, they **won't punish me!**
Instead, they make me **sit down and TALK IT OVER FOR HOURS!!**
That's the **cruelest punishment** of **all!!**
What kids today are doing is **testing** us adults to see how **far** they can **go!** But I **fooled** my kids! I used **reverse psychology** on them!
When my **Sally** threatened to run off to some **Commune,** I said, **"Go ahead, see if I care!"** When my **Jerry** threatened to go on **drugs,** I said, **"Go ahead, see if I care!"** And when my **Laura** threatened to become a **Militant Activist,** I said, **"Go ahead, see if I care!"**
They learned! Nobody fools around with **me!** I was a **Psychology Major!**
Gee . . . you **ARE** smart! How did your kids **react** to your cunning maneuvers?
Sally ran away . . . Jerry's hooked on heroin . . . and Laura's fire-bombing banks!

Today, with all this new **sexual permissiveness,** there are so many **BAD GIRLS** running around!

And the **worst** of it is, they **get AWAY with it!**

On the **other** hand, take the case of my **Niece!** She's only **18!** Twice, now, she's become **pregnant** . . . and twice, now, she's had to have an **abortion!**

How come it's only the **NICE girls** that get caught!?!

Maybe the trouble is we never gave you any **responsibilities** aound the house . . . like **chores** and things like that!

The **least** you could do is **help me now!**

What do you **want** from me?!?

I'm **holding the door** for you, **aren't** I?!?

I'm going to the **greatest school!** We can take **any** courses we **want!**

So I worked out a **real "fun" program:** "Ceramics," "Flower Arrangements," "Snorkeling" and "Basket Weaving"!

Oh, **wow!** That's **wild!** What do you expect to be when you **graduate?**

Unemployed!!

Okay, so now you know the **truth!** I'm **hooked** on a **fifty dollar a day habit!**

My God! Where do you **get** fifty dollars a day?!?

Where do you **think?!** I **steal** it!

My God!! Don't steal **any more!** You could get **ARRESTED** . . . and **ruin your life!**

WE'LL give you the money!

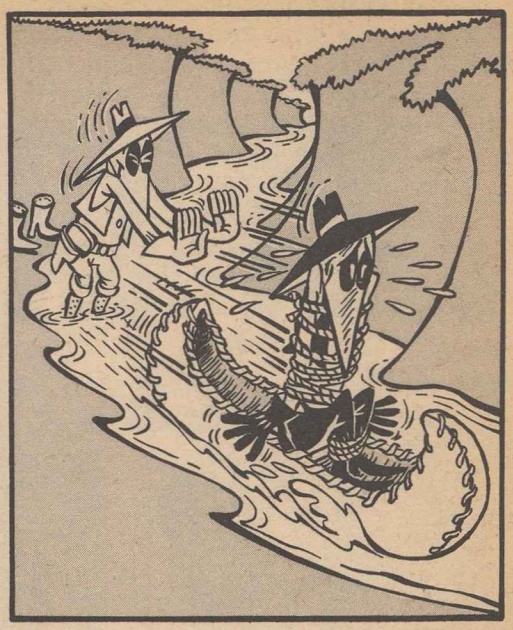
HAH! Where are **YOU** gonna get that kind of bread?!?

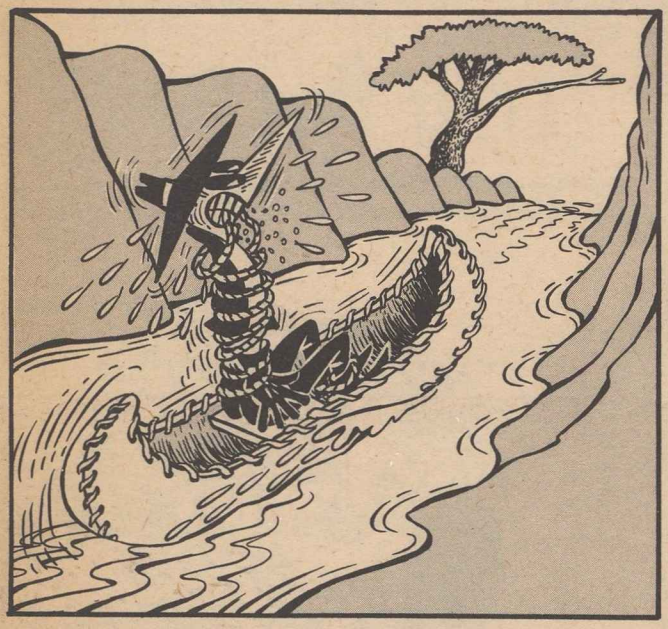
WE'LL STEAL IT!!

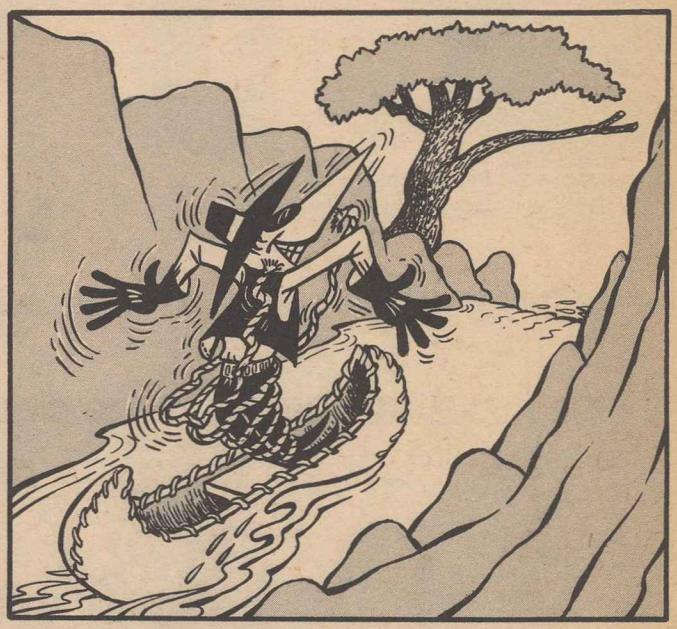
David Berg

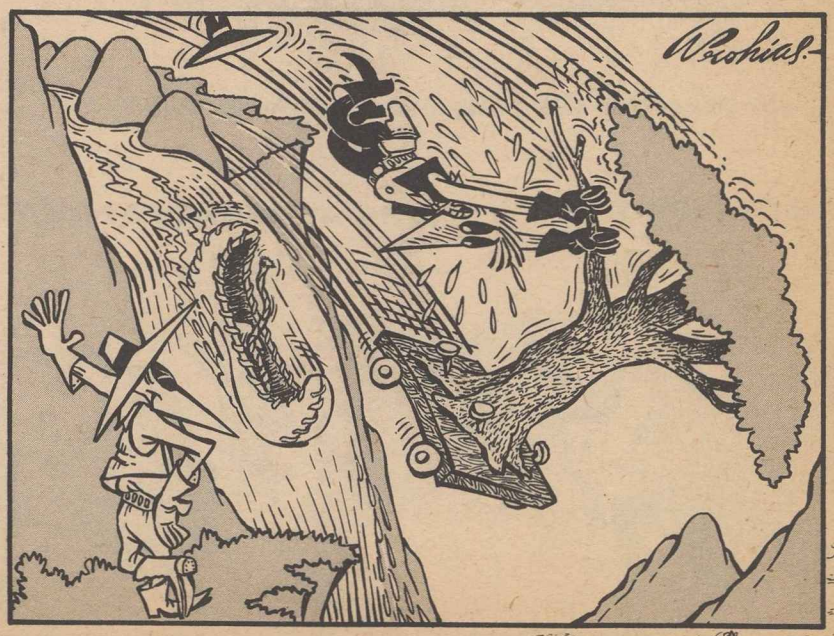
NUDIST CAMP

SPY vs SPY





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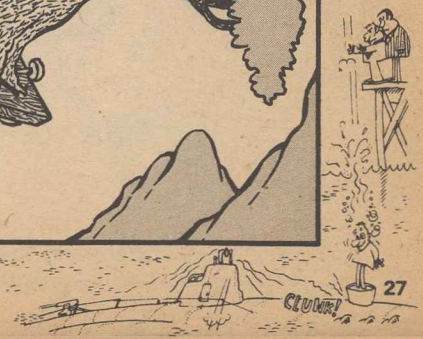
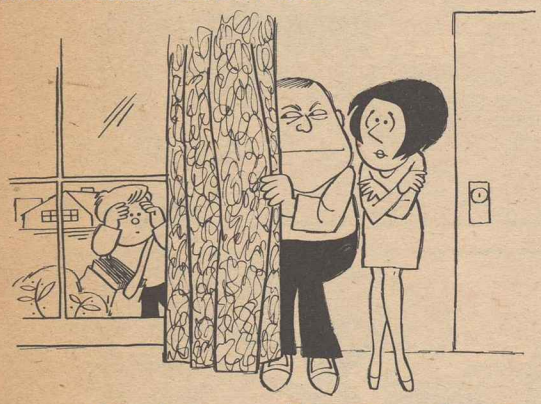

CLUNK!

TIGHTENING THE MONEY BELT DEPT.

You've heard of "Inner City Poverty" and "Appalachian Poverty" and "Old Age Poverty." And yet, millions of our citizens are being inflicted with another kind of poverty. We're referring, of course, to the great American Middle Class... working... paying bills and taxes... and somehow, just about making it through from payday to payday! They know—and you know—we all know that...

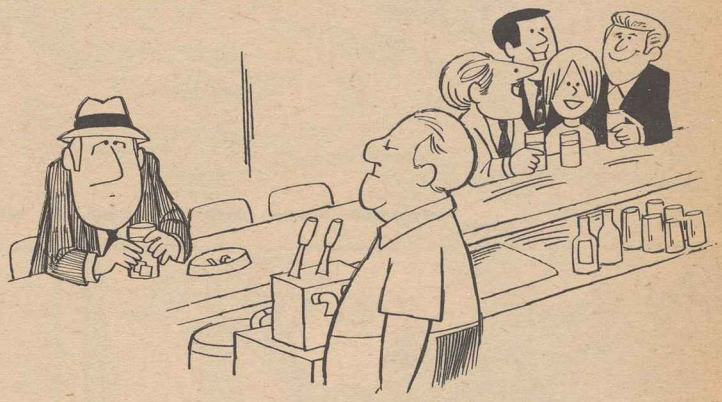
MIDDLE CL

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



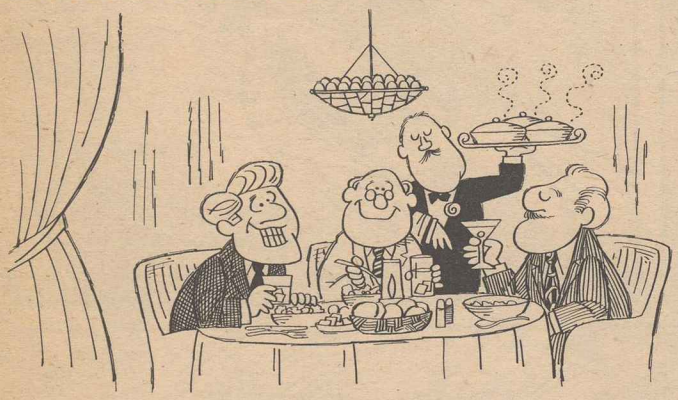
... hiding inside your $30,000 house because you don't have the money to pay the paper boy.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...

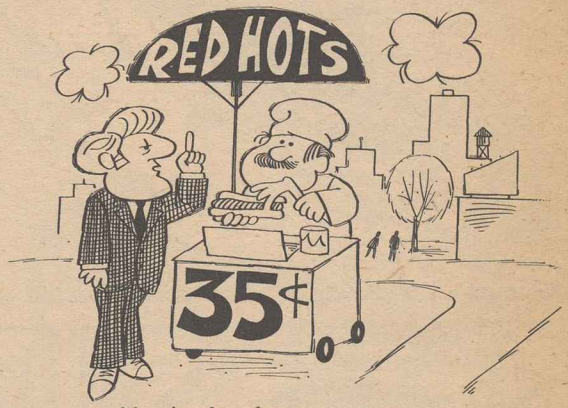


... sitting all alone at the end of the bar so you won't have to buy a round for your friends.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...

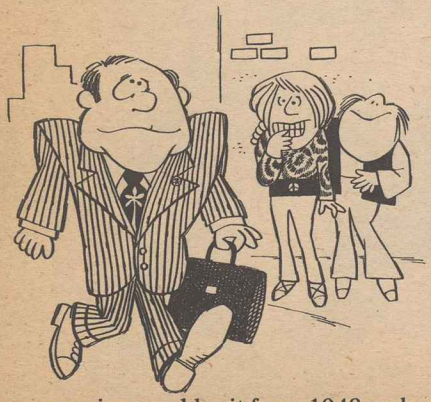


... having lunch with clients on your Company's expense account



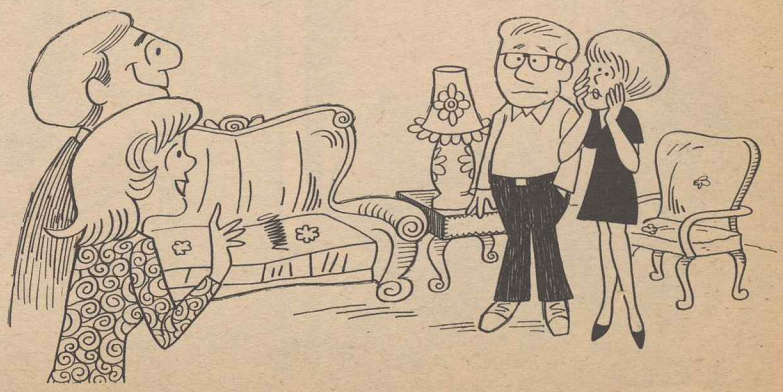
... and having lunch on your own.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



... wearing an old suit from 1948 and hoping it looks like the new mod style.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...

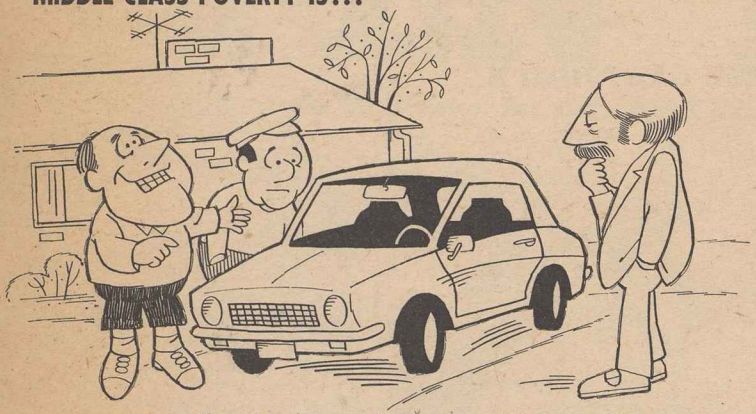


... receiving compliments from your friends on your antique furniture... and you never even knew you owned any antiques.

ASS POVERTY IS...

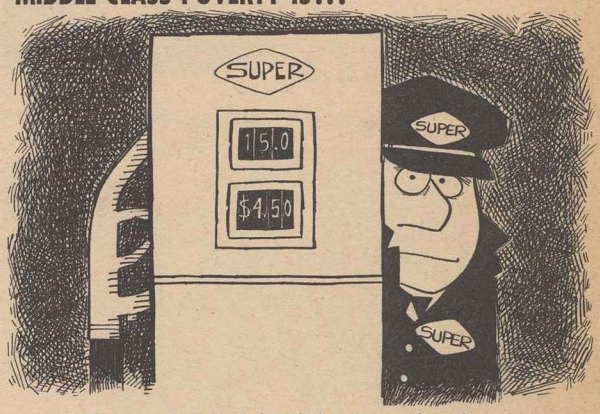
ARTIST & WRITER: LLOYD GOLA

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



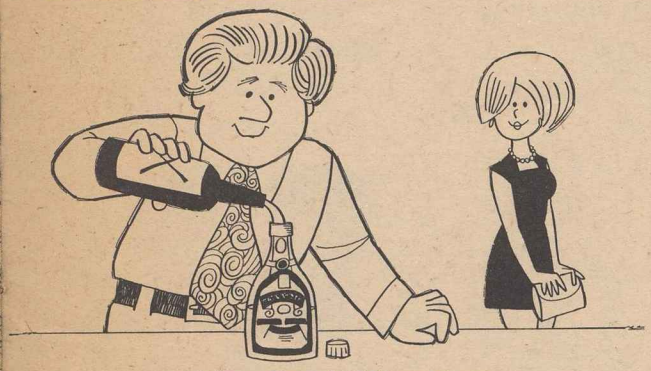
...expounding the virtues of your new little economy car to your neighbors...when you actually were dying for a Cadillac.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



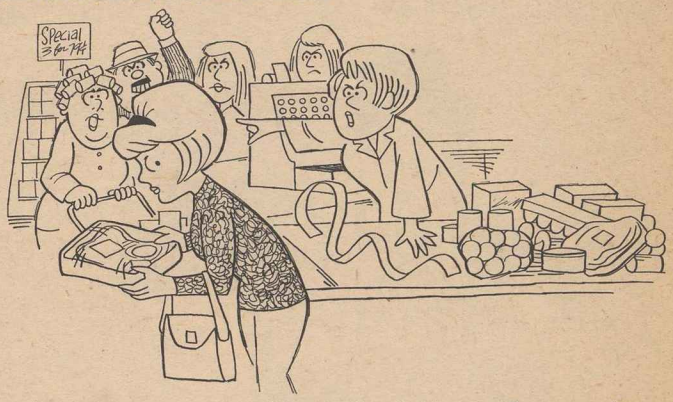
...getting a moonlighting job at your local gas station, and hoping none of your neighbors show up.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



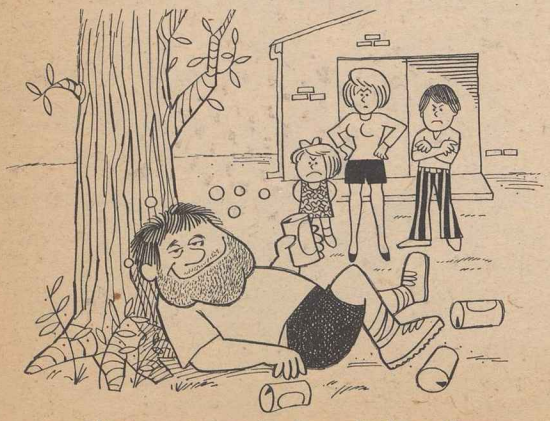
...pouring a Brand-X Scotch into an empty fifth of the good stuff.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



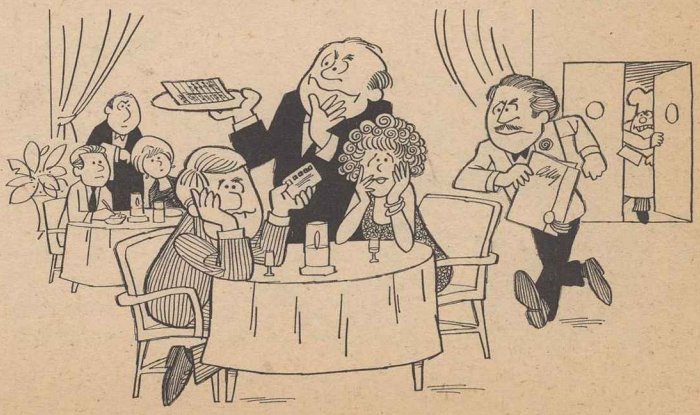
..having to return something to the shelf at the Supermarket.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



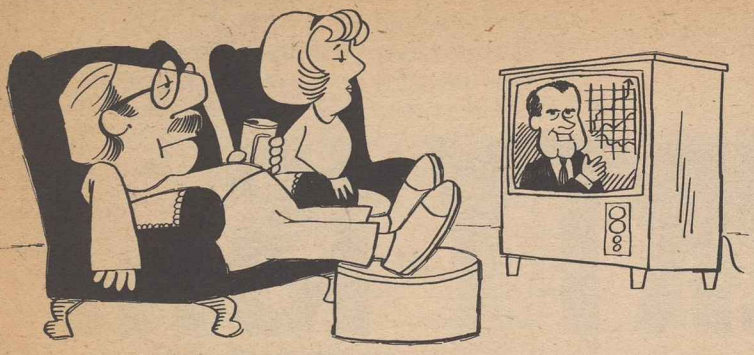
...spending your vacation just relaxing at home.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



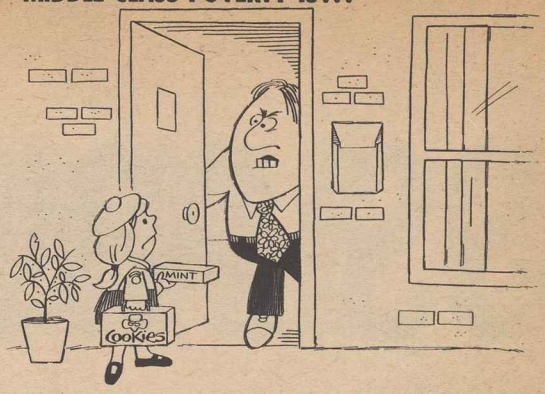
...discovering an expensive restaurant is not on the Diners' Club.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



...watching the President on TV announcing that the recession is over... the same day you were canned.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...

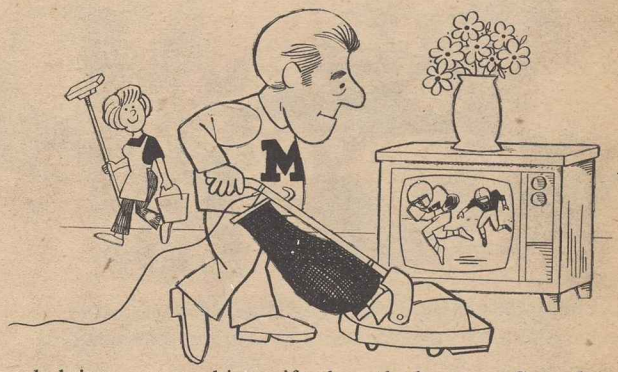


...having to say "No!" to a girl scout.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...

...encouraging your daughter and her fiancee to elope.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...

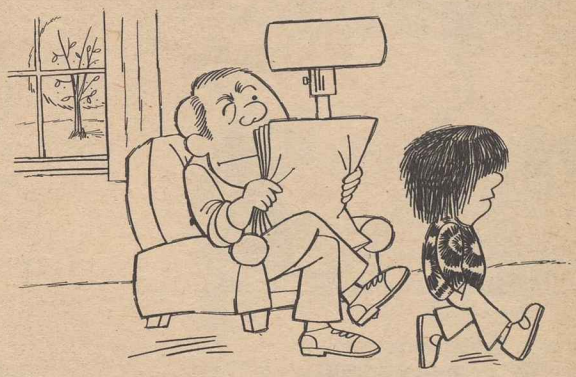


...helping your working wife clean the house on Saturday.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...

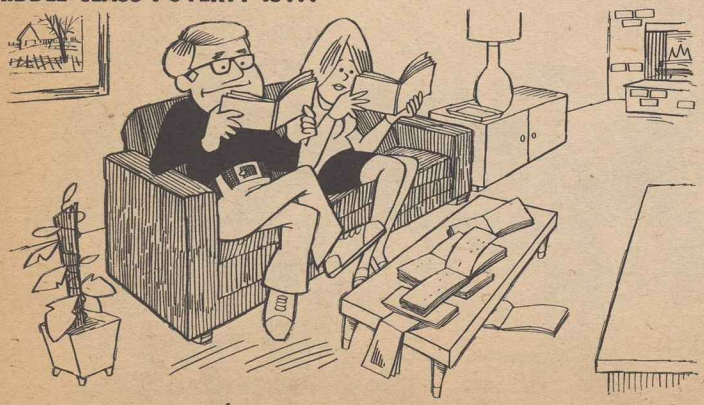
...having to wait to read the latest best seller until it comes out in paperback.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



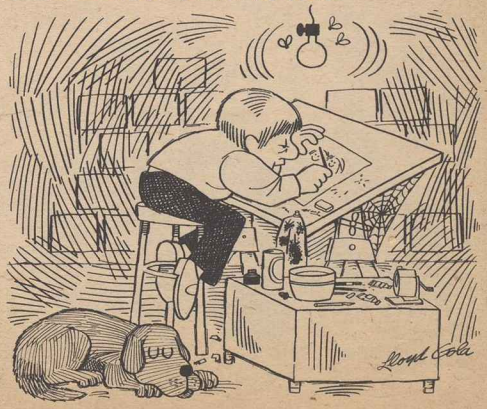
...not being able to scream at your kid to get a haircut because you can't spare the three bucks.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



...spending a quiet evening at home reading your time payment books.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



...being a contributor to MAD Magazine.

CAPTIVE AUDIENCE DEPT.

In recent years, there has been a lot more violence in prisons with miserable living conditions and a lot less violence around industrial plants with miserable working conditions. How come? Much can be attributed to those tricky company magazines that are handed out to every employee every month, full of cheery articles all designed to brainwash the poor, underpaid slobs into believing that they're really lucky to be working in such a "fun" place! Why shouldn't it work on convicts, too? MAD herewith offers

Your Monthly "PEN" PAL

No. ~~III~~ 11
Vol. ~~III~~ ~~III~~ 1

ABSOLUTELY FREE

(But Guards Will Be Happy To Accept Voluntary Contributions of 25c Per Copy)

Lovingly Published for the Joyful Cons at San Dismal State Penitentiary

IN THIS ISSUE:

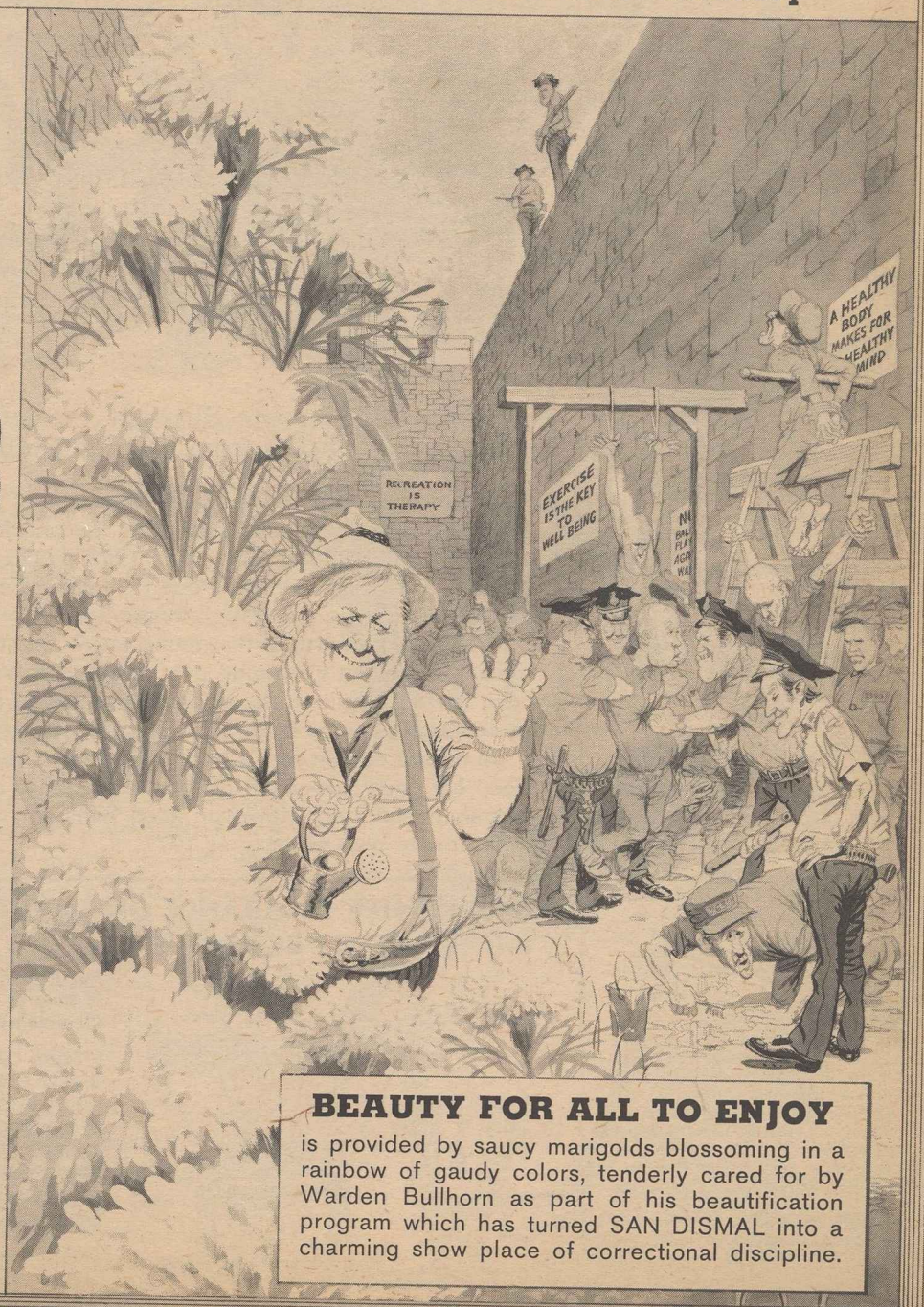
"I CAME TO VISIT A FRIEND IN A STOLEN CAR AND STAYED TEN YEARS!"
by Daniel "Dummy" Clodinsky

COMPLETE RESULTS OF MESS HALL COCKROACH RACING SWEEPSTAKES

"AFTER I LOST MY SHOWER PRIVILEGES, EVEN THE BULLIES LEFT ME ALONE!"
by Bernard "B.O." Overscent

A NEW FUN WAY TO PASS TIME IN SOLITARY: *COUNT YOUR EYEBROW HAIRS*

INSTALLMENT LXXXVI OF "A BRIEF AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WARDEN BULLHORN"



BEAUTY FOR ALL TO ENJOY
is provided by saucy marigolds blossoming in a rainbow of gaudy colors, tenderly cared for by Warden Bullhorn as part of his beautification program which has turned SAN DISMAL into a charming show place of correctional discipline.

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: TOM KOCH

THIS MONTH'S RECREATION & SOCIAL CALENDAR

FEB. 2—NATURE HIKE—Residents are invited to join guards for an all-day stroll along scenic Highway 14, observing and repairing chuckholes, road washouts, etc. Picks, shovels and leg irons furnished free. No charge for stew at noontime picnic.

FEB. 4—MOVIE NIGHT—This week's feature: State Police Public Relations Film #74 entitled, "Receiving Traffic Citations Makes You a Better Person." Admission—75¢. Attendance required.

FEB. 7—INTRA-MURAL BASKETBALL—"C" Block Inmates vs. North Guard Tower Gunners for the league championship. The "C" Block team is advised that the Gunners wish to win by at least 25 points. All "C" Block residents will provide halftime entertainment by dancing energetically for 45 minutes.

FEB. 8—MAIL CALL—Copies of the *Reader's Digest*, appeals from charities, seed catalogues and similar uncontroversial mail will be distributed to inmates with good conduct ratings. Personal letters from loved ones will be burned by guards in the regular monthly bonfire ceremony.

FEB. 11—MOVIE NIGHT—This week's feature: the first and third reels of "Lassie, Go Home." (Due to the immense popularity of this film classic, advance ticket reservations will be needed. All seats—$3.50. Attendance required.)

FEB. 12—LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY OBSERVANCE—Formal Dinner-Dance in the Main Auditorium for management personnel only. Inmates will observe the occasion in their cells by facing Springfield, Ill., and saluting from 7 A.M. to 8 P.M.

FEB. 14—VALENTINE DAY PARTY—All are cordially invited to the Central Interrogation Room to enjoy lengthy probing into the personal habits of inmates caught sending valentines to each other.

FEB. 15—CHESS TOURNAMENT—Members of the Chess-By-Mail Club will be permitted to send out post-cards describing their 46th move in the current games which began in 1967. Spectators may gather at the main mail chute to cheer the action. No admission charge.

FEB. 18—MOVIE NIGHT—This week's feature: "Career Opportunities in Your Wyoming National Guard." Admission—75¢. Attendance required.

FEB. 20—AMATEUR TALENT NIGHT—Guards will search all cells and judge the talent of suspected amateur tunnel diggers. Participants will then be taken to the Central Interrogation Room to demonstrate their singing talent. First prize—an unforgettable two-month vacation downstairs.

FEB. 22—WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY OBSERVANCE—Buffet and Cocktail Party in the Main Auditorium for management personnel only. Inmates will re-enact a famous feat of our first president by trying to throw silver dollars across the Exercise Yard. Anyone succeeding will get his silver dollar back.

FEB. 25—DAY OF REST—(For medical experiment volunteers only.) All will report to the Infirmary for innoculations of typhus, cholera and plague germs. Volunteers will then be allowed to rest until it can be determined which of the fatal diseases they have contracted.

FEB. 27—WARDEN BULLHORN'S BIRTHDAY OBSERVANCE—Gala pork fat and beans banquet in the Main Mess Hall. Presents from inmates to our beloved warden are optional. However, names will be taken and gifts appraised at the door.

FEB. 30—TELEVISION NIGHT—Original plans called for permitting residents to watch the set purchased with their pooled savings until 9:30 P.M. Upon discovery that there is no Feb. 30 this year, TV Night has been tentatively re-scheduled for June 31.

NOOSE BRIEFS

GRATEFUL SAN DISMAL-ITE GIVEN 30-YEAR ANNIVERSARY TRIBUTE

Veteran Minimum Security Wing Resident Seymour (The Mouse) Slipdigit was recently honored for his 30 years of faithful incarceration at a gala creamed chipped beef on toast luncheon hosted by genial Warden Lamar L. Bullhorn.

Generously digging into the Convict Recreational Fund to provide liquid refreshments for the executive staff and a party hat for Slipdigit, Warden Bullhorn was praised by all for making the occasion a social success. The Warden, in a further display of his unstinting nature, presented Slipdigit with a lifetime library pass, a well-preserved cigarette butt and two handsome sheets of notebook paper.

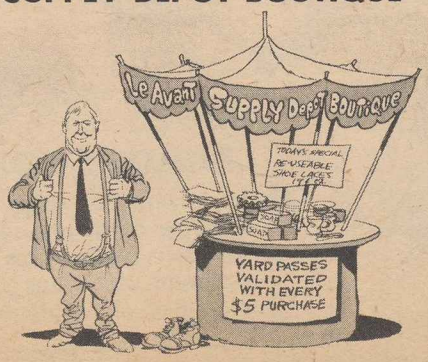
Long-time Inmate Slipdigit (at left) shown receiving lifetime library pass from Warden Bullhorn at festive ceremony.

In a tearful acceptance speech, the guest of honor said he would use the note paper to write one final appeal to the parole board begging for his release. Slipdigit entered San Dismal in 1942 to begin a two-year sentence, but has remained with us ever since due to a clerical error which indicates that he was set free on schedule and is no longer here.

Warden Bullhorn, in his remarks to the gathering, made only a brief reference to Slipdigit's whining complaint of mistaken imprisonment. "You have long been a credit to the uniform you wear," he told Slipdigit, "so I'm willing to forget that your little outburst of insubordination today ever took place."

In a final exhibit of his humanitarianism, the Warden permitted Slipdigit to keep his party hat when he was returned to his cell. The other gifts were, of course, confiscated. However, good behavior could result in the issuance of a new library pass as early as 1977.

MID-WINTER CLEARANCE ON LUXURY ITEMS AT "LE AVANT" SUPPLY DEPOT BOUTIQUE



Come in and Browse Around During Your Next Ten-Minute Lunch Hour

Use that idle cash slipped in by loved ones for Xmas to stock up NOW on those little extras that make cell life even more palatial. Up to 50% off while they last!

GENUINE LYE-FREE SOAP ..... 40¢ a bar
USABLE PENCIL STUBS ..... 10¢ ea.
FAIRLY NEW RAZOR BLADES ..... 25¢ ea.
NEAR-NEW COPIES OF "PLAYBOY" $2.50
SLIGHTLY WATER DAMAGED MATCHES ..... 15¢ a box
BENT CIGARETTES ..... 5¢ ea.
PLAYING CARDS (Nearly Complete Decks) $2.98
GOOD USED TOOTH BRUSHES ..... 75¢

Cash and carry as always. WARDENCHARGE credit cards accepted on non-discount items only.

"LE AVANT" SUPPLY DEPOT BOUTIQUE

Lamar L. Bullhorn, Prop.

Meet Your Guard

THIS ISSUE:

Residents Of "E" Block Look To Mr. Jukes For Fatherly Guidance And Advice

To mid-day strollers in the warm, grey shadows of the "E" Block exercise yard, Enforcement Officer Virgil (Boss Man) Jukes and his lovable hound, Mangler, have long been a familiar sight. This month's featured member of the San Dismal management team recently launched his third memorable decade of counseling and guidance work here by counseling four unruly inmates to remove their caps when spoken to, and then guiding them to "that room" when they were slow to comply.

Such unswerving dedication to the hallowed traditions of San Dismal is typical of Officer Jukes, who gave up a promising career at a Chicago slaughterhouse in 1952 to devote his life to "learning you boys a little respeck for them as is better 'n you." Mr. Jukes' tireless pursuit of this goal has earned him the groveling gratitude of all who have benefited from his fatherly instruction over the course of two decades.

Mr. Jukes, who originally joined the San Dismal family as a Gas Chamber Cyanide Dispenser, nearly retired in discouragement when the state outlawed the death penalty in 1961. "I figgered I'd never get to see a man crawl and beg for mercy again after they quit draggin' 'em to the green room," he says now with some amusement. "But then, I started walkin' the exercise yard with this big, mean dog to protect the men from theyselves, and a funny thing happened." Mr. Jukes did not elaborate on the funny thing that happened, but the crinkly little smile appearing on his face indicated that the event must have been quite amusing.

The veteran guard also declined to say much about his private life and interests. Always shy and fearful of boring his listeners, he merely stated that he lives alone in a cottage nearby. Mr. Jukes reportedly brought a wife and six children with him when he came to San Dismal, but no one knows their whereabouts—and no one is about to ask.

NEW ACCIDENT POLICY PAYS UP TO $10 A WEEK IF YOU'RE DISABLED

Don't be lulled into the false notion that just because you've been "safely" put away, you can afford to be without the protection of accident insurance! San Dismal records show that many inmates take nasty falls each year while working on the road gang. What's more, those long hours spent in your cell are not always 100% free of disabling mishaps either. Right now, some homicidal fellow con may be waiting to attack you the moment your friendly guard turns his back! Yes, friends, such unfortunate things do happen.

Why take a chance when low cost accident coverage by San Dismal Mutual Insurance Co. can now be yours? San Dismal Mutual's all-purpose policy guarantees to pay you up to $10 a week in cash benefits if you are badly injured on the road or anywhere within these hallowed walls. And what is even more important, our records show that 97% of all accident victims at San Dismal last year were the thoughtless inmates who *failed* to sign up for this vital coverage.

A mere coincidence? Of course! But consider these two important facts before you buck the odds: (1) Full accident coverage by San Dismal Mutual can be yours for only about 50¢ a day, and (2) Your cellblock guard is also your San Dismal Mutual Agent. Think about it.

SAN DISMAL MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

LAMAR L. BULLHORN, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

Your Signature Here And First Half A Buck Starts It Rolling

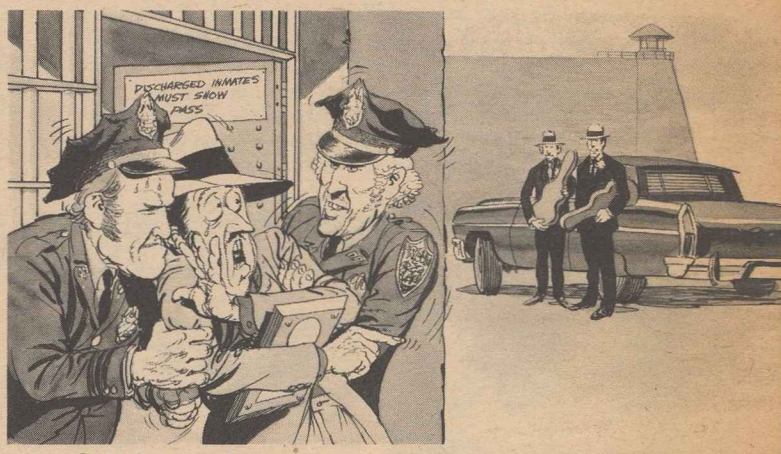
PEN PAL SALUTES:

San Dismal's CON of the Month

The boundless appreciation felt by San Dismal residents for their easy life and luxurious surroundings was graphically demonstrated recently when Solomon (Solly the Songbird) Blabbinsky begged for permission to stay here even though he had been granted parole. Solly's unprecedented plea made him a unanimous choice to receive the latest "Con of the Month" award, just moments before his tearful appeal was rejected and he was shoved out the main gate.

Blabbinsky took up local residence in 1966 to begin a scheduled ten-year term. However, the Parole Board voted to reduce his sentence shortly after he cooperated with the District Attorney by supplying ample evidence to convict 23 Syndicate big-wigs.

The talkative little "Con of the Month" award winner is best remembered by his fellow inmates for the many near-fatal accidents he suffered here following his meeting with the D.A. In addition to being grazed by heavy falling objects at least four times in the past few weeks, Blabbinsky clumsily backed into ice picks on three other occasions.



Solly's accident prone behavior continued to plague him upon his release as he stumbled into a barrage of gunfire just outside the Main Gate and was killed instantly. However, he went down still clutching his "Con of the Month" plaque to his bosom. This final gesture of appreciation to the San Dismal staff and its revered leader, Warden Bull-

(cont. on Page 83)

THE ARTS AND CRAFTS CORNER

MODEL LINCOLN MEMORIAL MADE OF BREAD CRUST IS 12-YEAR HANDICRAFT PROJECT OF TALENTED INMATE

A handsome replica of the Lincoln Memorial made entirely of stale bread crust has been unveiled by its creator, Maximum Disciplinary Section Resident Gerard (Mad Dog) Klavverman. The project, which Klavverman worked on for 12 years while being temporarily confined to "The Hole" for sassing a guard, was inspired by the picture on the back of a penny.

"I found this penny in my pants cuff after they threw me down here," Klavverman explained in a note he was permitted to hand up to your reporter. "For a few months, I just stared at it to keep my mind occupied. But then, the guards kindly encouraged me to begin work on my model by feeding me bread crusts that nobody could possibly eat."

Warden Lamar L. Bullhorn, long known as a patron of the arts, paid a special visit to Klavverman's cell to view the intricate accomplishment and pronounced it "pretty damn good for a maniac like that who's really nothing but an animal." Unfortunately, the Warden also found that Regulation 2977-B, which prohibits an inmate in solitary from harboring luxury items (which, of course, would apply to any form of sculpture), made it necessary to order the model demolished at once.

However, in a humane gesture that is typical of Warden Bullhorn, Klavverman's penny was merely confiscated, and will be returned to him when he is released in 2054.

YOUR PHINKING PHOTOGRAPHER

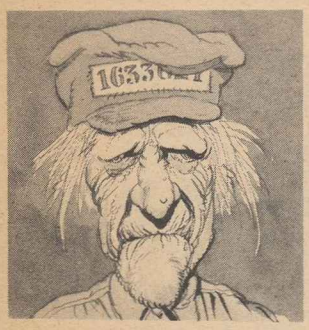
QUESTION: Which of the many recent improvements made at San Dismal by your beloved Warden, Lamar L. Bullhorn, has drawn your most heartfelt and sincere appreciation?

This month's loaded question was submitted by Bobby Joe Bullhorn, Absentee Administrative Assistant and Full-Time Golfer. The favorable-or-else answers were offered by inmates in the North Exercise Yard.

BIG EDDIE KLUTZ, SAN DISMAL MACHINE SHOP

Putting a real, bona fide pre-med student in charge of the Infirmary meant a lot to me a few days ago when I got caught in a power saw with no safety guard and was hacked up real bad. This new medic found some rags on the floor right away to bandage me with, and I was back at work in an hour. Of course *(GASP)* the bleeding still hasn't stopped . . . *(WHEEZE)* but I'm *(GURGLE)* feeling much *(GAAAAAAAAK)* better.

SOL (Senile Sol) TREMBLE, LICENSE PLATE SHOP



I haven't had near as much time to sit around and get depressed since the warden decided to let us all work 16 hours a day, seven days a week. I was even too busy to get the blues on Christmas Eve like I usually do. It's simply wonderful how thinking about what will happen to me if I don't meet my work quota helps keep my mind off really unpleasant things.

MORTON (Morty the Meek) FUTZ, LAUNDRY ROOM

For a man like me who's only got a little more time to serve on a 99 year term, the main thing is to keep out of trouble. That is why I'm grateful to Warden Bullhorn for his announcement of a new policy to avoid protest demonstrations. The young hotheads should realize by now that grabbing hostages and making demands is pointless since the Warden's told them he'll never give in, no matter who happens to get killed.

OLLIE DUMBKOPF, KITCHEN FLOUR SACK STACKER

I think that Warden Bullhorn has taken a big step forward in prisoner education by giving those weekly lectures to inform us of our constitutional rights. Until Mr. Bullhorn was kind enough to explain the subject, I had not even understood why nothing that is guaranteed by the Constitution applies to a con like me anyway.

PEN PAL'S CONfidential ADVISER

Brutally frank answers to your questions by Frank Brutally, Assistant Chief Disciplinary Officer

Dear Frank,
During my three years at San Dismal, I have been gathering data for the exposé I plan to write after I'm released about the horrible prisoner treatment here. I still need to collect a little more evidence, but now I'm scheduled for a Parole Board hearing next month. If I'm let out early, do you think I should go ahead with my book based on what I already have?

J.Q.

Dear J.Q.,
No need to worry. I have just turned your letter over to the Parole Board, and since only one prisoner with the initials J.Q. is scheduled for a hearing next month, I'm sure you'll still be here gathering data for many years to come.

* * * *

Dear Mr. Brutally, Sir,
About 20 years ago, I heard that inmates who show the "proper attitude" toward officials are given special consideration for work assignments in the library and infirmary. Since then, I have sent our beloved Warden the most expensive gift I could afford every Christmas, and have voluntarily shined the shoes of all the guards in my cellblock daily. What more do I have to do?

H.G.

Dear H.G.,
Your question is a hard one to answer, due to the fact that cry babies and ingrates who write to this column begging for cushy jobs automatically have their names dropped down to the bottom of the list.

* * * *

Dear Frank,
I read somewhere that a person who has been forced to eat food with bugs crawling all over it can contract terrible diseases, like beri-beri. Is this true?

Weak and Sickly

Dear W. & S.,
Of course not! The whole idea is ridiculous. Beri-beri is a nutritional disease caused by improper diet especially lacking in vitamin B. What you probably read is that people suffering with beri-beri often hallucinate and imagine they see bugs crawling all over their food. Feel better now?

* * * *

Dear Frank,
A while back, I saw a bulletin board notice about a *rock festival.* However, the announcement didn't give any details. Please tell me where it's being held and how I can participate in it.

J.J. Woodstock

Dear Jay-Jay,
This column is always happy to assist residents who wish to take part in recreational activities. Therefore, we have already signed you up for the rock festival. Just report to the Road Gang Foreman next Monday at 7 A.M. and he will give you all necessary information and a sledge hammer.

* * * *

Dear Frank,
I was convicted on a bum rap and I can prove it. But whenever I write my lawyer asking how to present new evidence to the Appeals Court, his answers come back with so many parts blacked out by the prison censors that I can't understand what he means. Can you advise me?

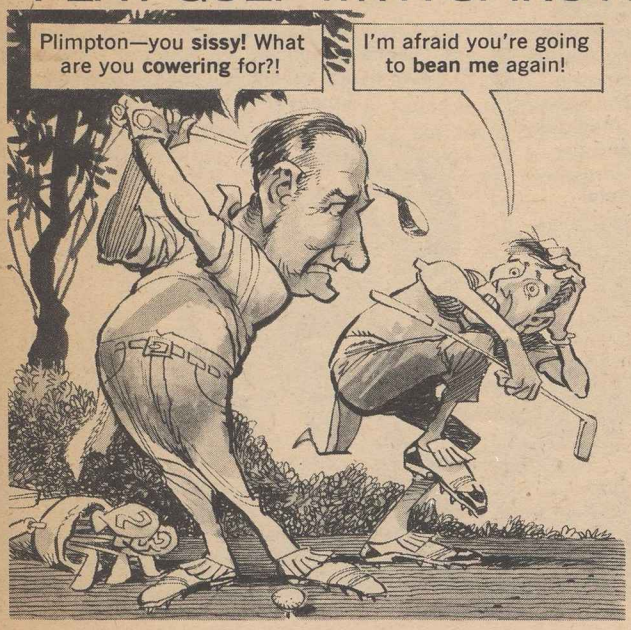
Railroaded

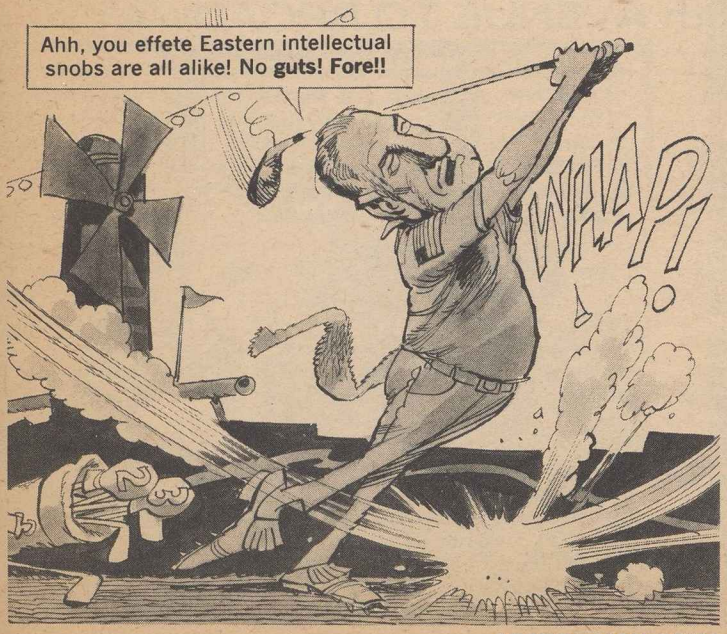
Dear Railroaded,
Any wrongfully convicted person has the right to appeal. Merely submit written proof of your innocence to [redacted] *Within 30 days, you should receive a* [redacted] *from* [redacted] *If not, notify the* [redacted] *that you wish to* [redacted] *and they will promptly* [redacted]
See how easy and democratic it is once you stop complaining and just follow the normal procedures?

The new adventure hero of the day is George Plimpton. Not a typical hero type, George displays more brain than brawn. Usually. Sometimes he doesn't. Like when he stepped into the ring to fight Archie Moore, when he played quarter back for the Detroit Lions, and then later for the Baltimore Colts, and when he took a leap on a trapeze, and when he hunted big game in Africa. At times like those we questioned the man's intelligence, if not his sanity. But if he *must* take on these suicidal self-assignments, then why no go ALL THE WAY!? Why not take on some real toughies? In other words, we at MAD now suggest...

SOME REALLY DANGEROUS JOBS FOR GEORGE PLIMPTON

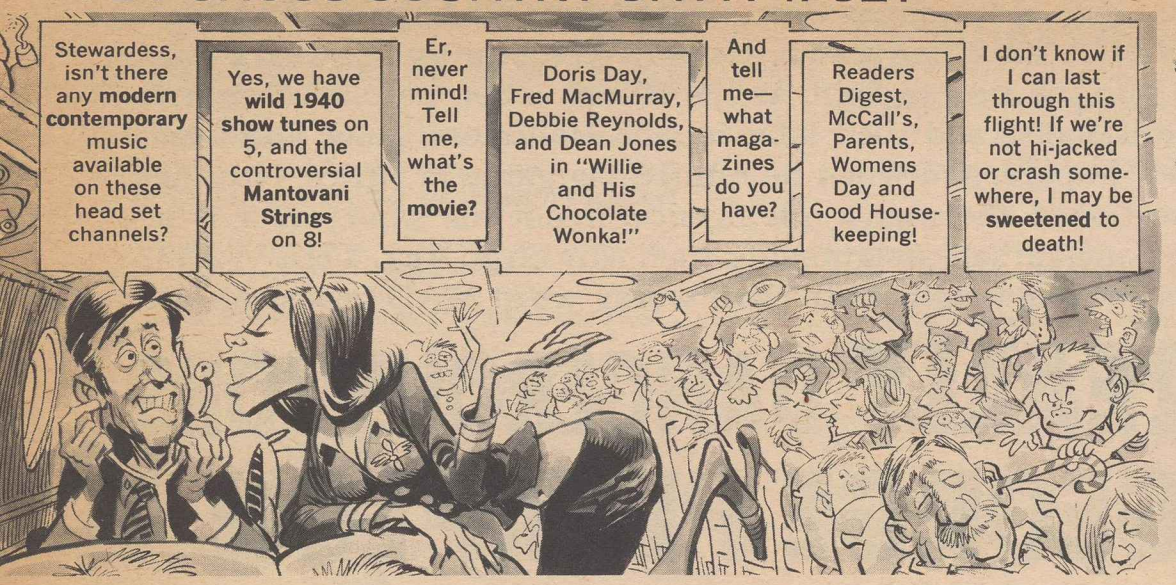
PLAY GOLF WITH SPIRO AGNEW



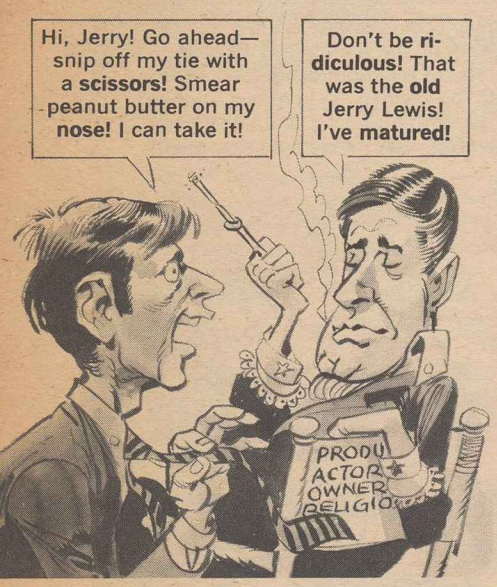


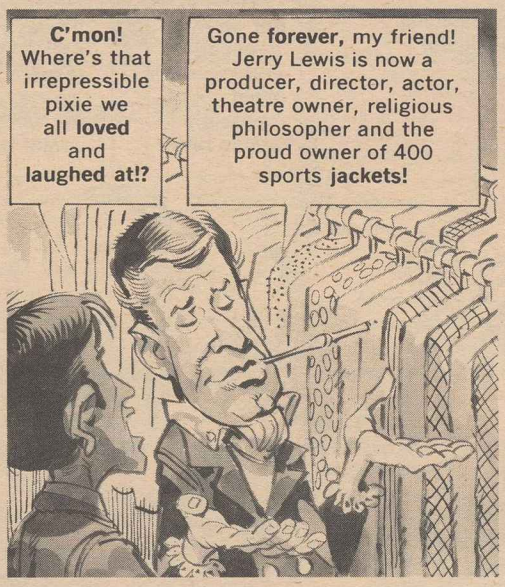
ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

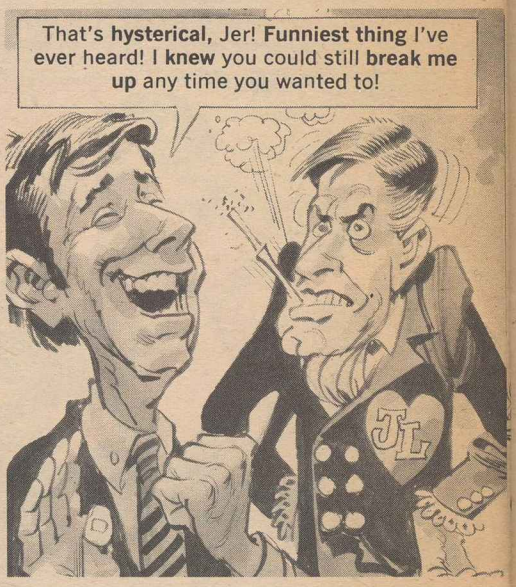
FLY CROSS-COUNTRY ON A 747 JET



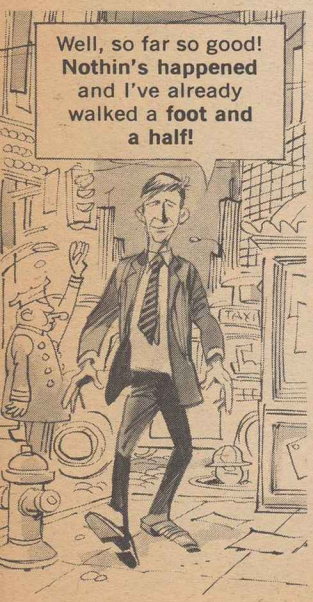
LIVE WITH JERRY LEWIS FOR A WEEK

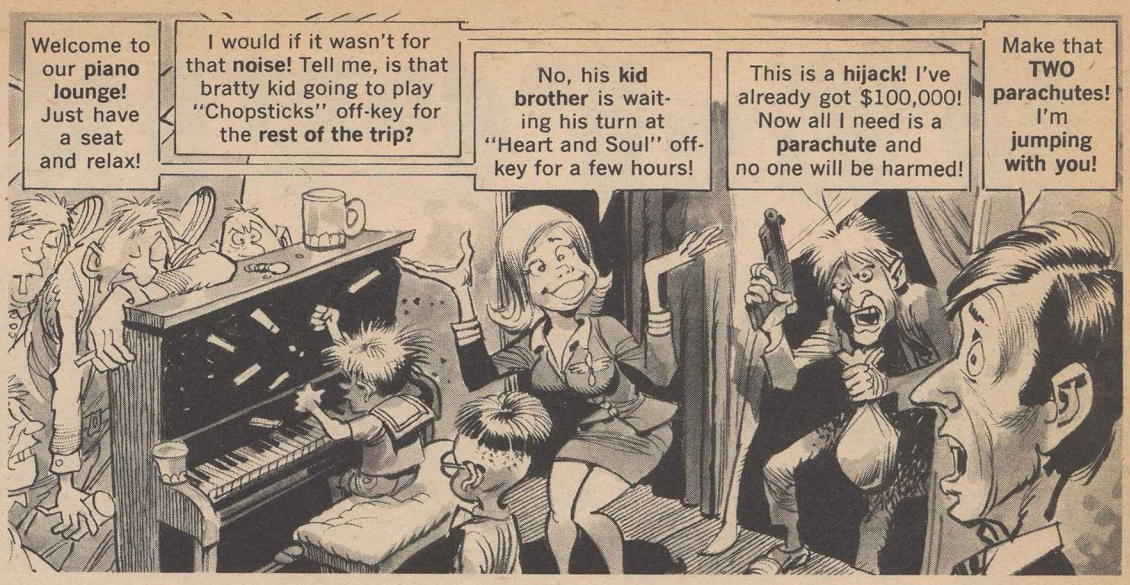


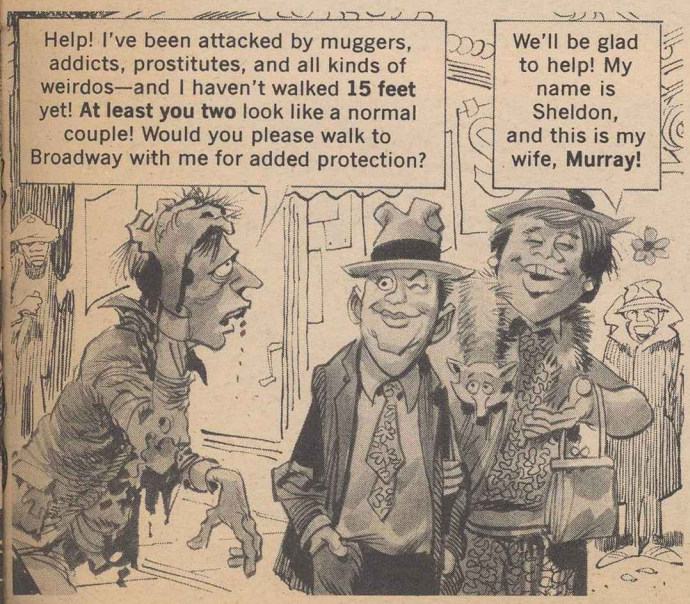




WALK ON 42nd STREET FROM 8th AVENUE TO BROADWAY



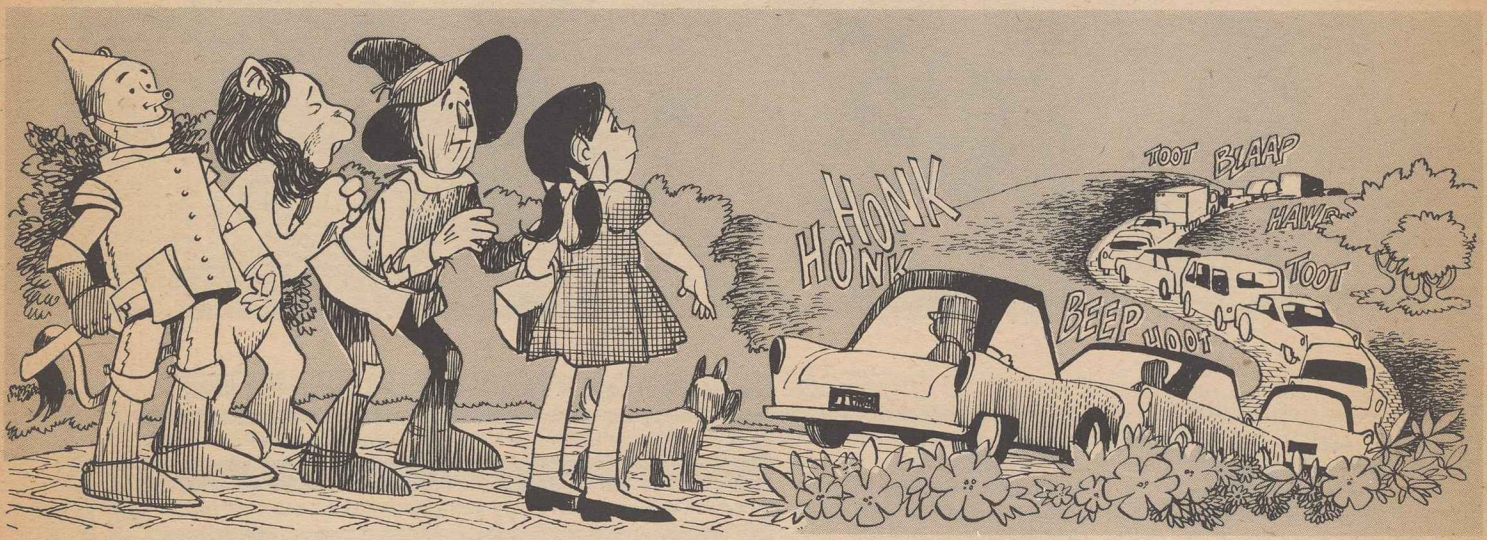


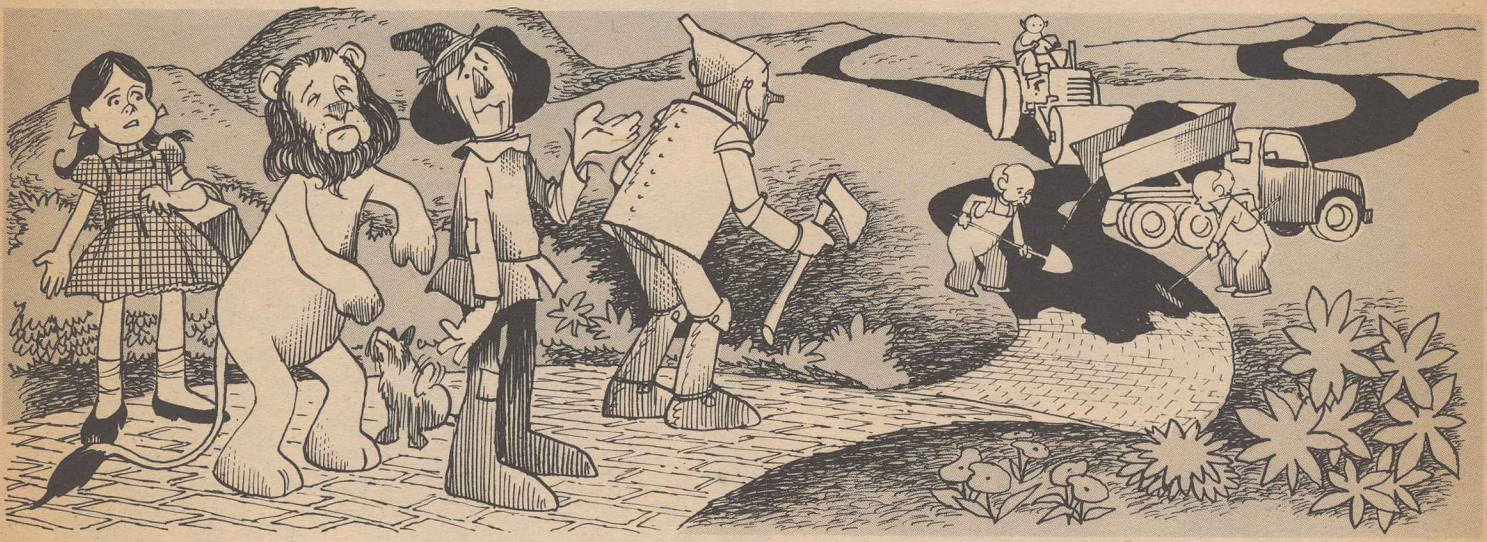


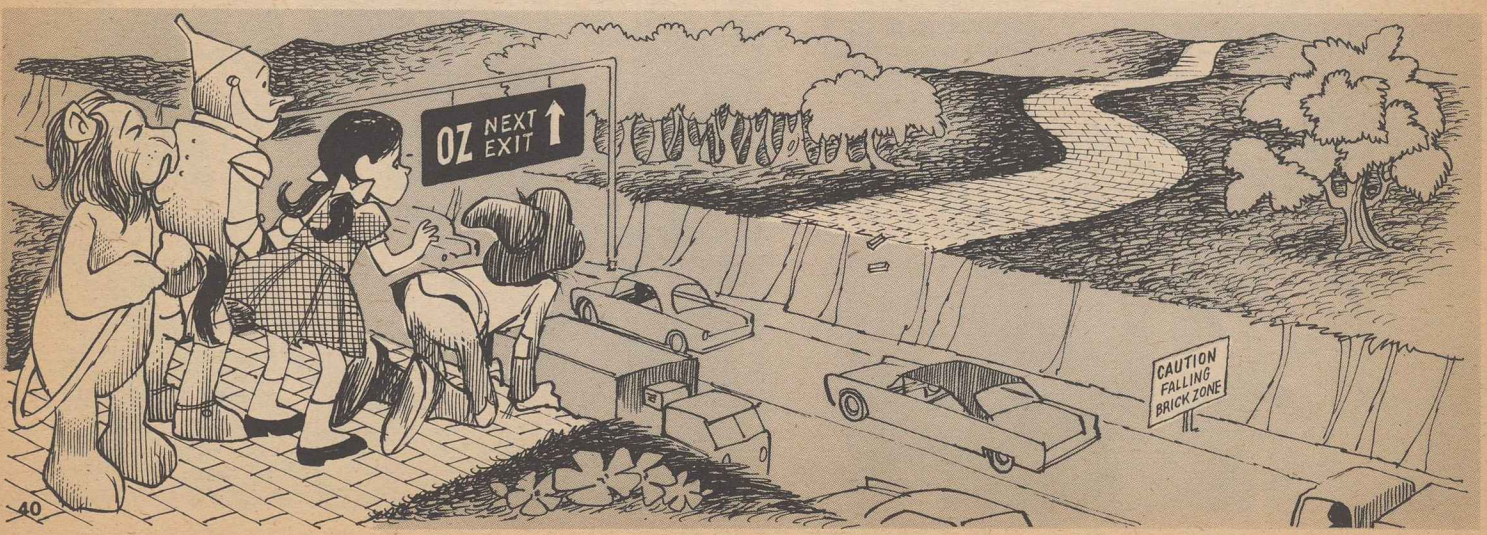
SWIM ACROSS LAKE ERIE

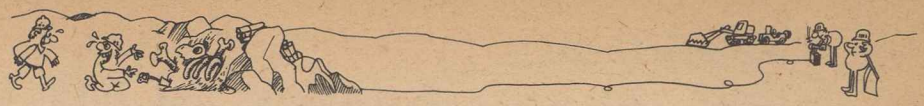
GEE, WIZARD! DEPT.

OZ-revisite



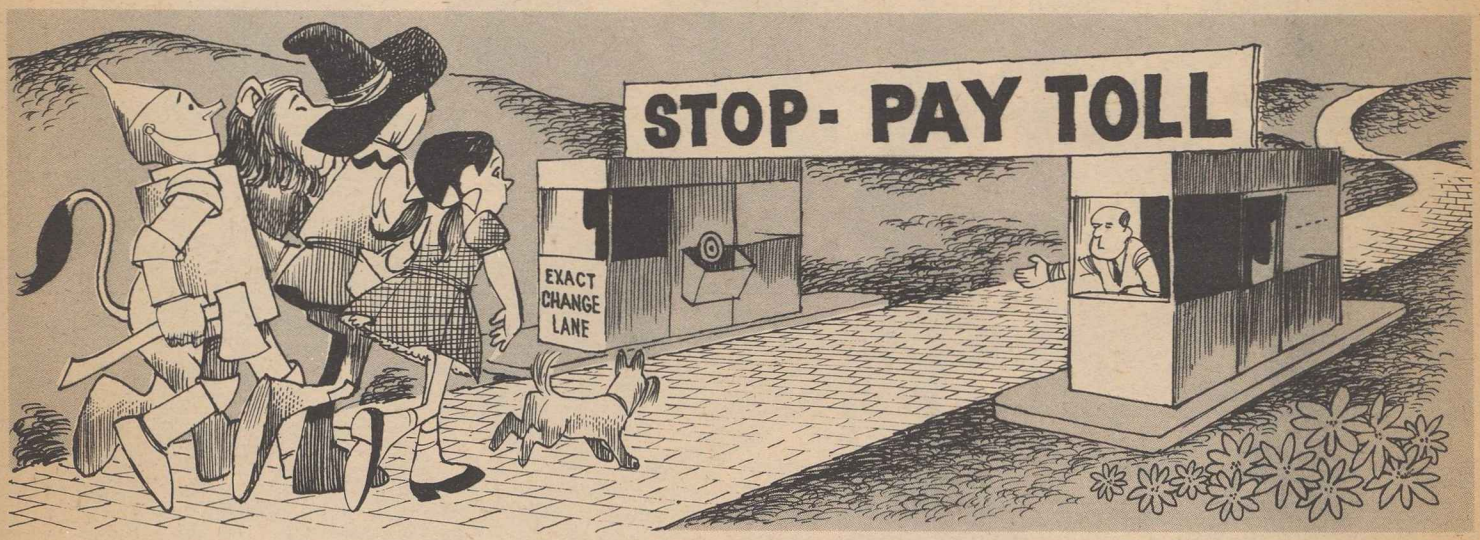


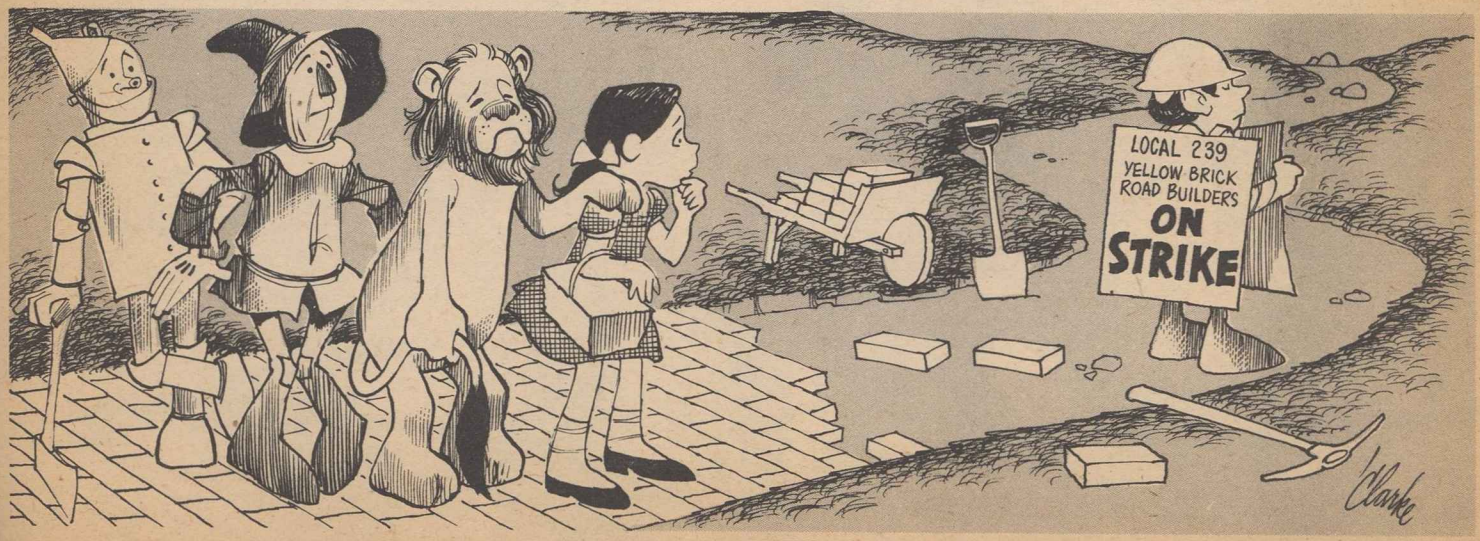




OR...LET'S FOLLOW THE YELLOW BRICK ROAD AGAIN...IF WE CAN!

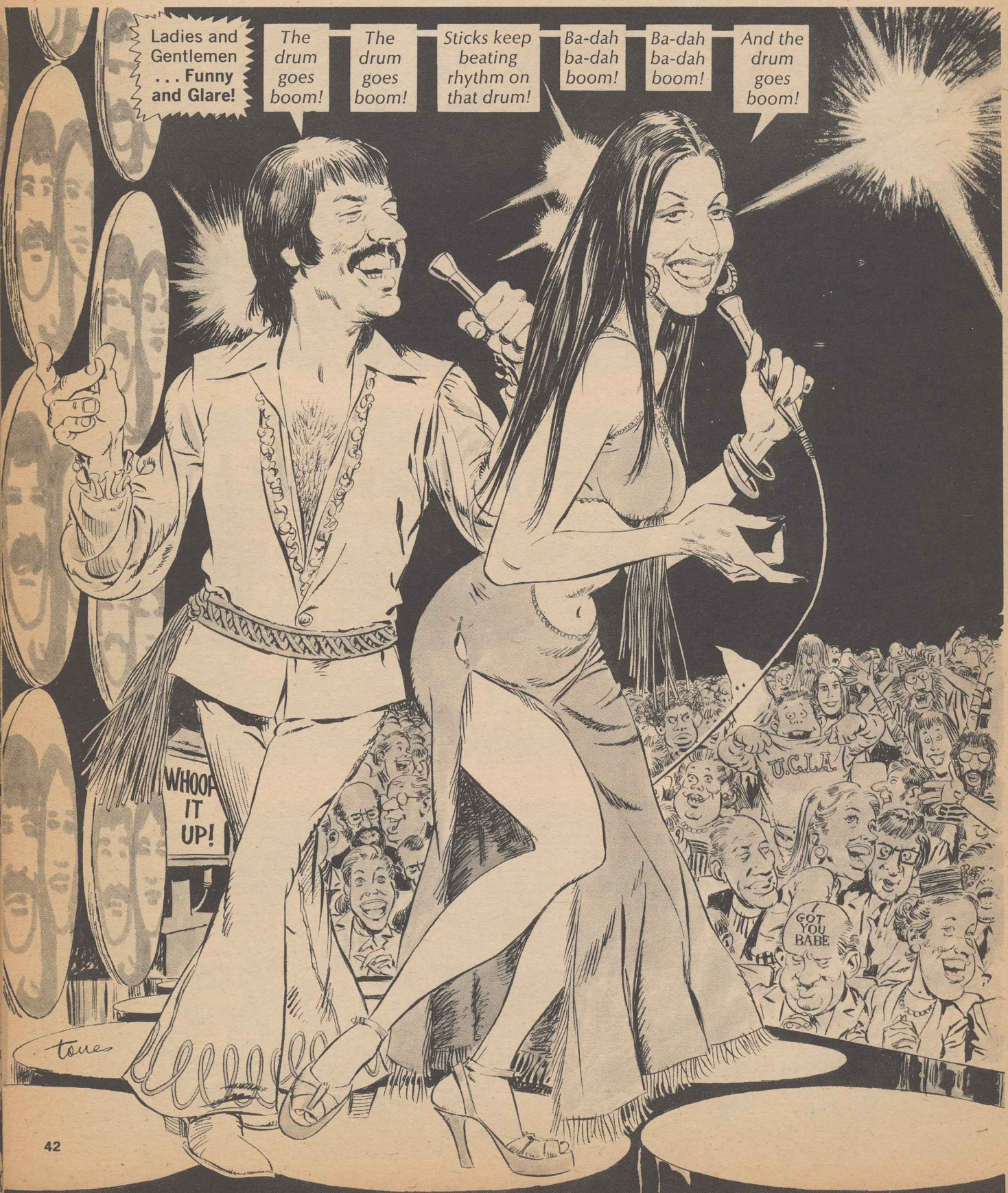
ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: DON EDWING





THE MOD COUPLE DEPT.

Each year, television networks seek out new faces and fresh talents to build shows around. Last season, CBS had a unique inspiration: to bring before the millions that comprise the viewing public a married couple with verve, charm, charisma and drive. We're referring, of course, to John and Martha Mitchell. But since they had other commitments, CBS brought us instead . . .



THE FUNNY & GLARE SHOW

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

The Funny & Glare Show will continue in just one moment—

Don't you **envy** me? All I have to do is come out for a **few seconds** a couple of times during the show!

You folks at **home** have to watch the **WHOLE THING!**

SLAMM!

This is the "Guest Portion" of the program and—as you know—we **never** announce our guest's **name** at the beginning of the show!

Because we want it to be a **surprise!**

And **also** because we don't want to **confuse** you! See, we only have our **picture** on-stage here **78 times,** and we only have them flashed on **screen 57 times,** and we only have our **names** flashed on screen **42 times,** and we only have them **announced 21 times**—and we wouldn't want you to **forget** whose show it **is** by hearing **another name** like our **guest's** mentioned **once!**

But **enough** talk about **modesty!** Let's meet this week's guest, **George C. Scott!**

CLAP

Welcome to **"The Funny & Glare Comedy Hour,"** George!

Thanks! It's a real pleasure to **be** here!

I've enjoyed all of your **movies,** George!

Thanks! It was a real pleasure to **make** them!

You **don't do** many TV guest appearances, **do you,** George?

No, I **don't** do many TV guest appearances, Funny!

That's why we're **doubly-honored** you consented to be **our guest!**

Well, **I** was doubly-honored you consented to **ask** me to be!

Y'know, we thought that doing one of those **"Guest-and-Host-Chat-Casually" routines** would be **DULL** with you, George . . . but it was **REALLY EXCITING!!**

Then **I** must be watching a **different show,** because **I'm falling asleep!**

Hey, **look** who's **coming out!** Why, it's **Glare!** I'll bet she's **really pleased** that you were able to **be** here! Glare, are you **really pleased** that George was able to **be** here?

Now we do the usual shtick where Glare makes a **big fuss** over our **virile male guest** . . . and **I pretend not to care!**

I mean, **who cares** that they're going at it **ten times more seriously** than at rehearsal . . . and that I saw them exchange **telephone numbers?!**

I mean, I guess it's supposed to be **cute** to see a guy **castrated** by his **wife** in **public!**

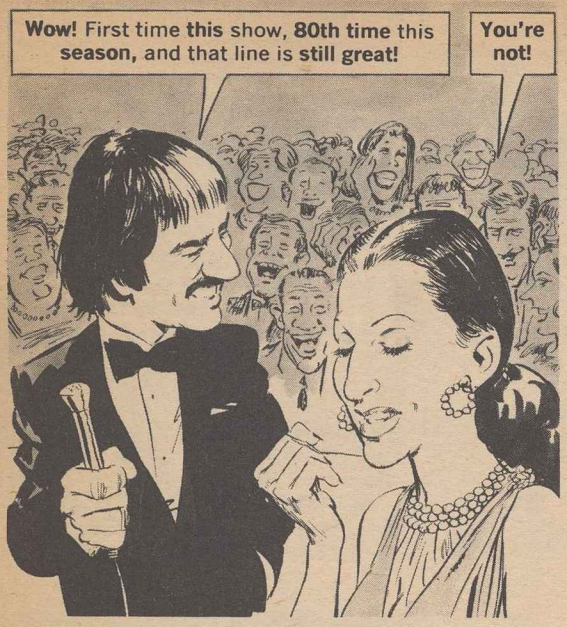
Hey, Funny! How come—week after week—your **voice** seems to get **higher-pitched?**

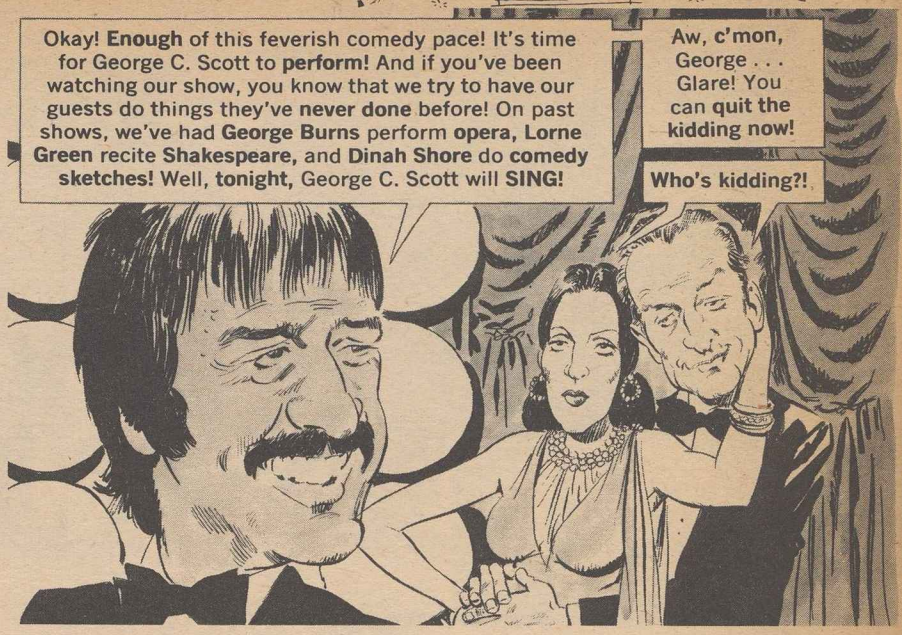
Well, I . . .

Hold it, there, eunuch! Since **when** do you think a question should be **answered?!?**

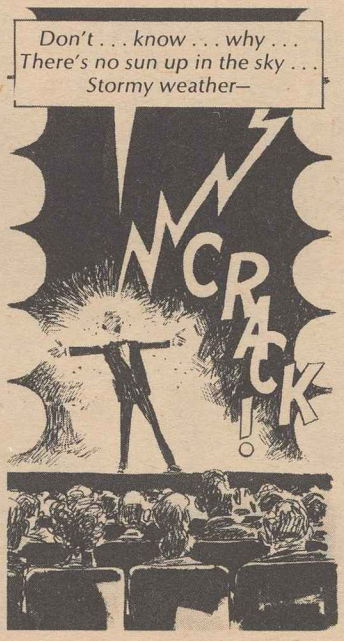
Keep it up, Glare . . . and **you're** gonna **get yours!**

You're not!


Wow! First time this show, 80th time this season, and that line is still great!
You're not!

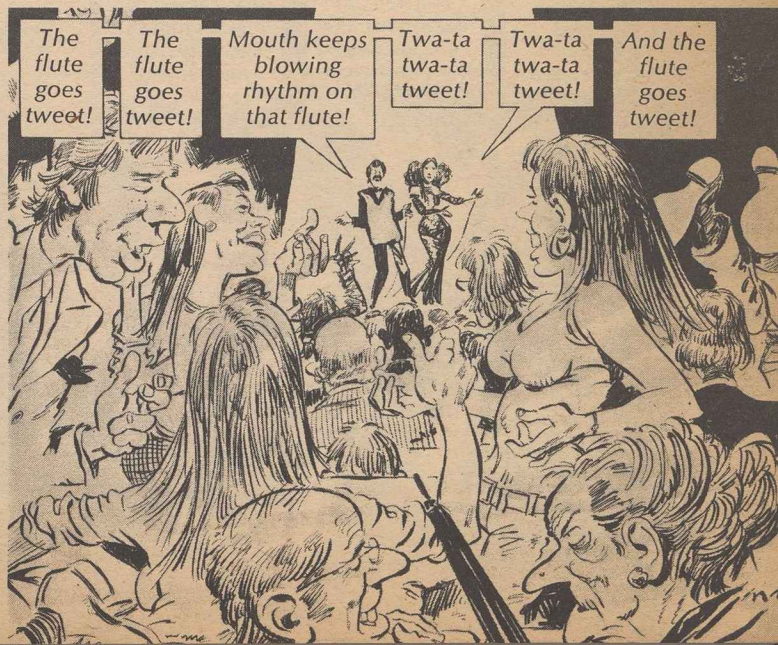

Okay! Enough of this feverish comedy pace! It's time for George C. Scott to perform! And if you've been watching our show, you know that we try to have our guests do things they've never done before! On past shows, we've had George Burns perform opera, Lorne Green recite Shakespeare, and Dinah Shore do comedy sketches! Well, tonight, George C. Scott will SING!
Aw, c'mon, George . . . Glare! You can quit the kidding now!
Who's kidding?!

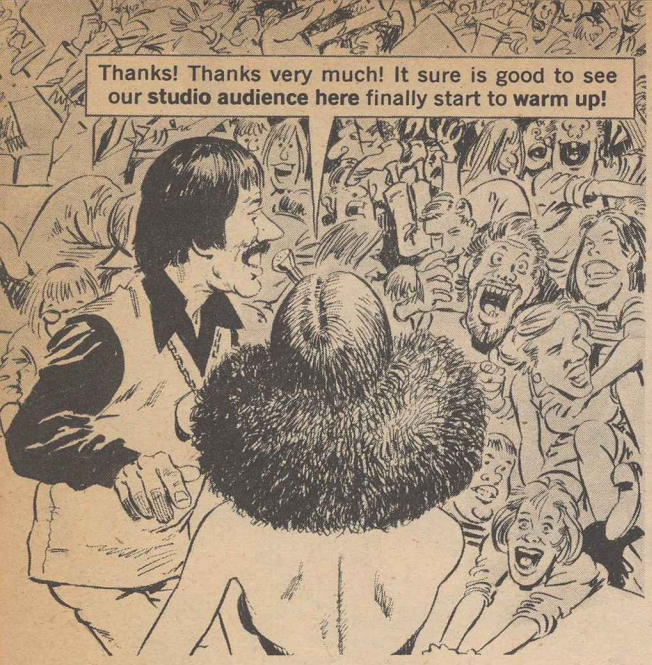
Sing, George! And you folks at home— Enjoy the Special Effects we always employ to take your minds off the terrible things we make our guests do!


Don't . . . know . . . why . . . There's no sun up in the sky . . . Stormy weather—
CRACK!

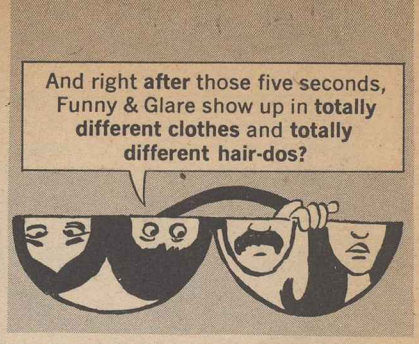
Oh, my Dear! What happened?
Uh . . . just a little surprise I worked out with the Special Effects Director!
I wasn't talking to you, meatball! I was talking to George! Didn't you hear me say "Dear"?

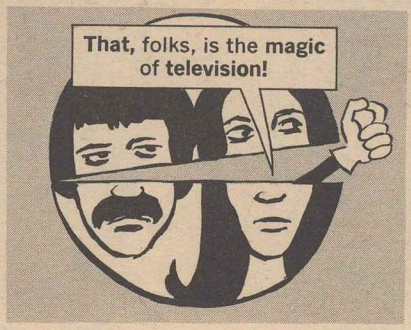
Well, anyway, that was our guest doing his UNusual thing! To give you an idea of the unusual things we plan to have future guests do . . . we expect to have Annette Funicello ACT . . . and Frankie Avalon SING!
But right now, Glare and I would like to do a brand new number! It's rather a departure for us from our usual "beat" songs like "The Drum Goes Boom" and "The Brass Goes Bamm"! Also, please note our special choreography . . .

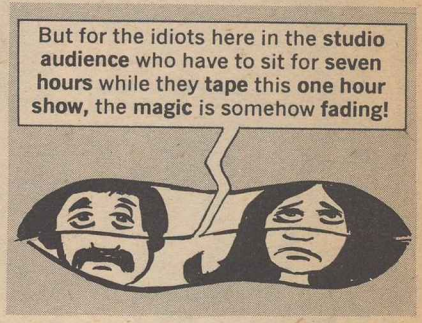

The flute goes tweet!
The flute goes tweet!
Mouth keeps blowing rhythm on that flute!
Twa-ta twa-ta tweet!
Twa-ta twa-ta tweet!
And the flute goes tweet!


Thanks! Thanks very much! It sure is good to see our **studio audience here** finally start to **warm up!**

Hi! It's **me** again! Have you noticed that I'm only on the screen for about **five seconds** at a **time?**


And right **after** those five seconds, Funny & Glare show up in **totally different clothes** and **totally different hair-dos?**

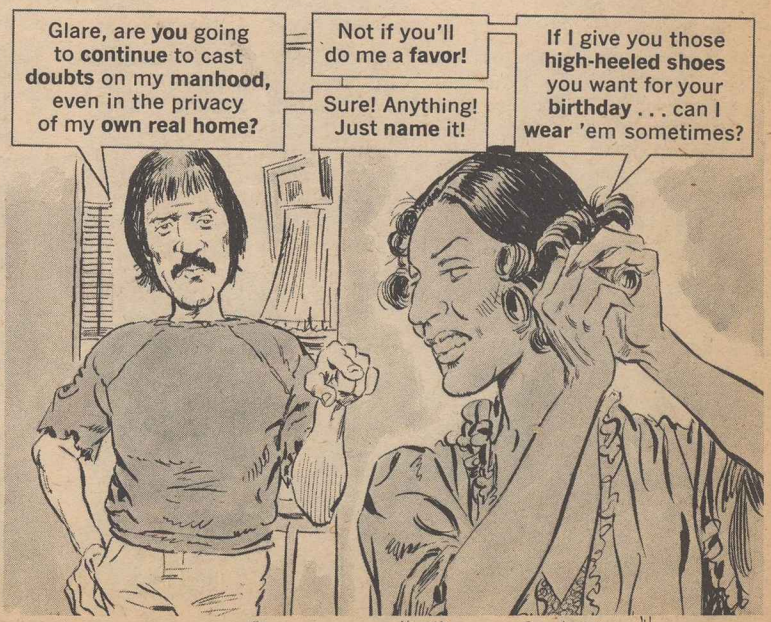

That, folks, is the **magic** of **television!**


But for the idiots here in the **studio audience** who have to sit for **seven hours** while they **tape** this **one hour show,** the **magic** is somehow **fading!**

And **now,** ladies and gentlemen, it's time to join the **REAL** Funny and Glare in their **REAL home...**
FUNNY & GLARE AT HOME

Boy, what a **work schedule!** People think we have it **made,** but I worked **12 hours straight yesterday** and **15 hours straight today,** and I **STILL** haven't counted all the **money** we made this week! Hey, Glare, how about bringing me a **cool drink?**
Get up on your **own two spaghetti legs** and fetch it **yourself!**
Gee, Glare! We're at **home!** Why are you doing the **TV** shtick?
What ever gave you the impression it was a **SHTICK,** oregano brain?!?

Oh, you're gonna **get** it!
You're **not!** And besides—
Hey, you didn't wait for the **laugh** that line always gets!
We're at **home** now, **remember,** linguini mouth?! The only **laugh** here is **you!**

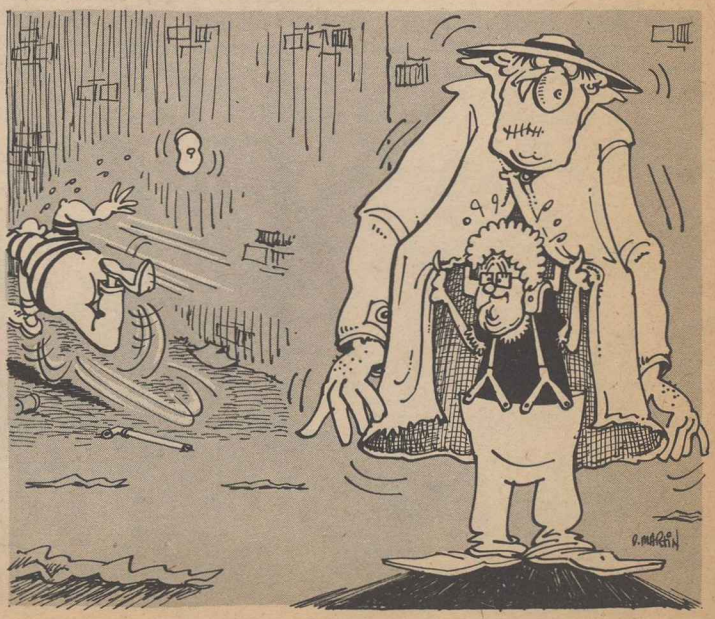

Glare, are **you** going to **continue** to cast **doubts** on my **manhood,** even in the privacy of my **own real home?**
Not if you'll do me a **favor!**
Sure! Anything! Just **name** it!
If I give you those **high-heeled shoes** you want for your **birthday** . . . can I **wear** 'em sometimes?

AVOID ACCIDENTS

BANG
Sure! If you promise me something in return!
Okay! What is it . . . ?
That someday soon, I'll REALLY GET IT!!
Never mind! I'll buy my own high-heeled shoes!
This animated bit of film is known as a transition device!
It takes us from that last bomb . . . to THIS bomb . . .
. . . to the NEXT bomb! Watch . . .
BAROOM
Well, that's our show, folks! But before we go, I'd like you to meet our TV Director! He's the one responsible for all those out-of-focus, fuzzy, way-out arty shots!
CRASH!
And here are our writers . . . the two guys responsible for our fresh, new format of having one lead star as the underdog, and the other lead star constantly insulting him . . .
Mother always liked you best!
Oh, yeah! Well, when we get home, you're gonna GET it!
Gee, I hope not!!
May God bless each and every one of you . . . and keep His Eye on all the banks we have money deposited in! And now, here's our theme song . . .
The dough rolls in!
The dough rolls in!
TV's adding millions to our wealth!
Ca-ca ca-ca cash!
Ch-ch ch-ch checks!
And the dough rolls in!

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

LATE ONE NIGHT ON A DARK AND SCARY STREET



WHAT CRAZY NEW TRIPS ARE THE FREAKS INTO LATELY?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

The weirdos of the world always seem to come up with wild new ways to freak out. To discover what these crazy nuts are up to now, simply fold in the page as shown.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▸ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◂B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

SKIRTING SICKNESS–EVEN DEATH–BLEARY EYED FREAKS "TRIP" WITH ANY NEW JUNK THAT'S MIND-BLOWING AND BODY-WRACKING

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A▸ ◂B

WHAT CRAZY NEW TRIPS ARE THE FREAKS INTO LATELY?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▸◂B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

SKY JACKING

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A▸◂B

THE CHOKE'S ON US!

PHOTOGRAPH BY IRVING SCHILD CONCEIVED BY: MAX BRANDEL